National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment---Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

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Selections.

WORKINGS OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW IN CANADA.

A LETTER from a highly respectable Orthodox clergyman in Canada West has been put into our (*Christian Register*) hands, and we have read it with feelings of humiliation and sorrow which we do not like to put upon paper. We remember hearing Mr. Webster, more than twenty years ago, in a passage of indignant and pathetic eloquence, which no length of time can efface from our mind, speak of the unrighteous cruelty of our government (Gen. Jackson was then at the head of it) towards the Indians in removing them from their homes. But what were the sufferings of the Indians compared with those which have been caused by the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 among thousands whose only crime has been that they could not endure the oppressions of Slavery? Happy households have been filled with mourning. Strong and true-hearted men, through anxiety and fear for those dearer to them than life, have been thrown into violent fevers, and by a merciful disease carried to Him who shall judge both the oppressor and the oppressed, while their poor stricken families, who had just begun to enjoy the fruits of their honest labours, were, like thieves and murderers, obliged to abandon all and flee to the snows of Canada for refuge. The expulsion of the Jews from Spain, the St. Bartholomew massacre in France, were not more cruel in their consequences, nor more a violation of the natural rights of man and the eternal laws of God, than the law of 1850, which some of our citizens were instrumental in passing and others have sought to carry out. We can imagine no more awful responsibility than that which has been thus assumed; no public act which we should be less willing to have before us in our dying hour. It is one of those great national crimes which no length of time can lessen in the moral judgments of mankind.

We would call the attention of our readers to the letter from Canada West. One gentleman to whom it has been shown has generously contributed fifty dollars for the relief of the sufferers. We trust that others will do likewise.

After speaking of the number of "fugitives" in Canada West, about five thousand having been driven there by the Fugitive Slave Bill since 1850, the writer goes on as follows under date of Feb. 2, 1852:

"After two notable struggles for freedom, viz., the rescue cases of Christiana and Syracuse, the defenceless ones in Northern States, in dread of the slave hunt and of gathering storms of executive vengeance, were wise enough to heed the timely warning and come over in autumn to this goodly land. Some were sufficiently stout-hearted to bear up under their ponderous burdens of oppression and calamity, others almost utterly despoiled of worldly substance and less favoured with fortitude were sadly dejected and almost heart-broken! Many such were taking shelter here but little before the approach of winter and a considerable number were fresh from the prison house of Slavery. Had the slave-hunters been a little less cruel and driven them over in the spring, instead of autumn, they might have prepared themselves for the winter, and would now have something to subsist on; but since the winter set in, many of them, in consequence of sickness, and in lack of employment, are now reduced to very great distress upon the very threshold of this dark and protracted season of destitution, depression and sorrow. I taxed my frail powers to the utmost in affording relief to the poor and succour to the feeble and friendless, and have persevered in so doing. My wife and others have in heart and hand been with me, till we are all nearly prostrated. The pressure of necessity forced me away from home in December, and I was more than half of the month in the State of New York, visiting the families of afflicted exiles who are in Canada, and making appeals for help. I could not travel from Buffalo to Utica without feeling sadly sensible of the false impressions made upon the public mind, respecting the fugitives in Canada, by the report to which I have referred. My success was small; my appeals seemingly powerless. A nation was wrapt in admiration of a Kossuth. The cry of distress about home soon reached my ear and brought me back again to my suffering flock. I was here again on New Year's Day, replenished with means for a short time and ready for service. I fondly hoped that Christian people in New England or somewhere else, divinely impressed with the claims of the refugees, would send relief. The tide of sorrow was now rising and swelling. I thought of making an appeal, but there was no time for it. For three weeks I was incessantly on the move for the relief of the poor, till the Lord shut me in with a dreadful influenza about a week ago, from which I am gradually recovering, and am constrained to write with little hope of success. My head is sick, my heart is faint, my hand is feeble, my pen is powerless, and my only hope is in the mercy of the Lord. "With Him is the residue of the spirit and plenteous redemption." When all human efforts fail, He is mighty to deliver. The calls upon us at our mission house are numerous, and some of them affecting in the extreme. With few exceptions they are made by new comers. I will give a few instances, such as are of daily occurrence. A few weeks since, a poor man came over from the State of New York, with his family, whose effects were forwarded to my care. He had been put to great inconvenience in his hasty flight, and had spent all his money to get here; rather than see the family suffer, I paid for them their freight charges, $4, which it is not in his power to refund. Another family was driven over late in the fall from southern New York. By reason of hardships and exposure on their way and since they came, they have suffered much from sickness. I paid their freightage bill on their scanty effects, and have several times furnished them provisions by virtue of credit, not having money to pay out for them. They are now dependent on me for their daily bread, and, my means being exhausted, my plighted faith at a provision store preserves them from perishing! A few days ago, a cry of distress reached me. I found a family destitute of food and no means of getting any. The poor woman of the house was sick and helpless upon her bed, and her husband was afflicted at the same time with crippled feet, which had been frosted while at work in the woods with his axe, and were very lame and badly swollen. He has partly recovered from his decrepitude, but affliction bears heavily upon the family, and they are now partly dependent on us for their food and other comforts.

On Saturday last, I called at a house and furnished a poor woman with provisions, who was reduced to a mere morsel of corn bread, and her husband was absent in the forest trying to chop, and earn something, as she said, "to last over Sabbath," though his hands had been so badly affected with frost that he could hardly use them. On relieving this family, I was instantly appealed to to relieve a poor man with a large family of small children, who were entirely destitute of food. His ears and the extremities of his limbs had been grievously injured by frost, and, during the coldest of the weather, he was shut in and unable to earn bread for his family with his axe. I could not resist the appeal, but promptly supplied them by increasing my own liabilities. How could I do otherwise? The white people here have done and are doing considerable for the relief of the poor, having lately formed an association for the purpose. Many of them are very kind and friendly to coloured people, who, to some extent, have received assistance through the association; but the Irish and other poor are numerous and have drawn on them till their means are exhausted.

Thus far we have had a desperately hard winter. The cold has been more intense than has been known here for twenty-five years, the thermometer ranging 15 to 18 degrees below zero. I have supplied many families with fuel, who were entirely out, and who, but for timely relief of this kind, would have perished! To go round from door to door and supply the famishing with bread, the naked with clothing, and the shivering with fuel, is felt to be an important work, but a laborious and painful one, as we are frequently compelled to meet with distress which we cannot relieve. Our toils of this kind have been and are more than frail nature can bear with impunity; consequently I am housed, but not exempt from frequent calls from those who are looking to us imploring for help. Having parted with much of our own fuel, and dealt out nearly a barrel of flour, within a few days, and been drawn upon in every conceivable way, I am reduced to the necessity of making use of my credit to preserve numbers from suffering, among whom are widows, orphans, and one aged blind man.

I have had in my family, ever since the first week in October, the Rev. J. W. Loguin, of Syracuse, N. Y., who is here in exile, driven from his wife and family, who spend the winter at Syracuse. He is a faithful devoted man, and is preaching here as well as myself, alternately to the coloured congregations, Methodist and Baptist, and is useful also in teaching adults in an evening school.

The Gospel from our lips is evidently taking good effect upon both congregations. We have frequently lectured the people upon temperance, with good results, fifty or more having taken the pledge within a few weeks past.

At this fearful crisis, when we are destitute of funds, and our credit almost at an end, and the famishing poor looking to us for bread, what shall we do? What can we do? Unbelief says turn them away. Faith, prompted by charity, the daughter of heaven, says, Hold on in God's great name. Relieve the afflicted and the famishing and help shall come. In this dark hour of depression we are called to walk by faith."

LETTER FROM REV. CALVIN FAIRBANK.

Copy of a Letter to the Nashville Christian Advocate.

LOUISVILLE JAIL, Dec. 24, 1851.

MESSRS. EDITORS—and through you to the M. E. Church South, and the Citizens of Kentucky—

I noticed in the *Advocate*, some days since, a very unhappy allusion to my case, though quite respectful and gentlemanly in its language. I must say, that the *Advocate* has treated the subject with a degree of impartiality that induces me to ask you to admit this reply.

1st. I do not, citizens, deny, nor have I ever denied, that I am an '*Abolitionist*.' I would have the Church and the people to understand this; and particularly my views, and the views held by all Abolitionists, most of the ministers of the Genesee, East Genesee, Oneida, Black River, New England, and all the other Eastern Conferences of the M. E. Church; most of the ministers of the Congregational, Baptist, Unitarian, and Universalist churches; and a large number of politicians on the 'Higher Law.' This is misapprehended by the South.

It had been my intention, ever after my release from the Frankfort prison, to remove my father's remains from Lexington, Ky., where he fell by cholera, July 7, 1849, a martyr to my cause, to Pike, N. Y., to be buried by the side of my dear sister Harriet, who died April 15th, 1846. In October, I was offered a lucrative employment in the vicinity of Jeffersonville, Indiana, which might detain me for a few weeks. I consented. The danger of making myself known in this vicinity was great: I therefore mingled but little in society, and no one but my personal friends knew my name. I took my letters from the post-office under other names. I discussed the Slavery question freely and frankly, whenever and wherever the question came up. On the 2d of November, Mr. Shotwell's slavewoman left the place (Louisville), and it was stated on oath, before the Police Court on the 17th, that on the 3d, a young woman had obtained my permission to ride in my buggy. I am a prisoner, and write from prison, and therefore do not say what I did or did not in the premises. Had such a case occurred, however, whether the applicant was or was not of African descent, or a slave, I should have granted the request, knowing that in a free State all persons are allowed to be free until they are proved to be slaves, and that it is my right to carry whomsoever I please; and it is nothing more, nothing less, than an exhibition of the spirit and temper of Christ, as shown us in his Testament, to perform such an act of kindness to a brother or sister in need. Says St. James, 2d chapter, 15th and 16th verses, 'If a brother or sister be naked, or destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?' Again, St. James, 3: 17: 'But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' This is a transcript of the Higher Law. But, say you, St. Paul bids us obey the 'powers that be.' I reply, there is no power, no legislative enactment, in any free State, prohibiting me from permitting any person to ride with me, unless his or her master or mistress, attorney or agent, clothed with proper authority, under the law of Sept. 15th, 1850, informs me that such person is a slave, belonging to such master or mistress, and has escaped from such service or labour. This, that we term the '*Lower Law*'—though a violation of the Constitution, in that it cuts off a *habeas corpus*, issued by 'any person whomsoever,' does not reach the slave, only 'persons held to service or labour.' Slaves are held to mere *chatteldom*; and putting an innocent construction on language when it will bear it, it reaches no slave 'with irresistible clearness.' This, though harmless in its letter, to the slave, is a violation of the Constitution.

Very few apologists for Slavery, I apprehend, will pretend, that that declaration, 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal,' is a misnomer; but that, all things being equal, (that is what we mean by 'abstractly') to create Slavery, to take a man's liberty from him save for crime of which the party shall have been duly convicted; or else why is it made '*piracy*' by the laws of the U. S. A. to steal a slave from the coast of Africa? What follows, then, is the question? Just this: The only objection raised against interfering with Slavery is, that it is making a breach upon law. If, then, it shall appear that I have made no breach upon the law, you are bound to respect me, at least.

The Higher Law.—Much has been said upon this subject; and as the *Advocate* seems to misunderstand my views on that subject, I will say, 'Law, technically understood, is the mandatory expression of the State, written out.'—*Prof. Hudson.*

Philosophically, law is a *just* 'mandatory expression of the State, written out.' Law, absolutely understood—law, without limitation or definition, is the adaptation of things to things; not of physics to metaphysics, nor society to physics or metaphysics, necessarily; but in physics, one thing to another, shaped, adapted, situated in the most happy manner. In metaphysics, it is the relation of facts, one to another. In moral ethics, it is the relation of every act of the will to the agent, that constitutes his or her innocence or guilt.

Finally. 'Law' is the harmony of nature. 'Law has its seat in the bosom of God, and its will is the harmony of nature.' 'Law' is of two kinds, essential and prudential. The first is philosophically moral, irrefragible, necessarily existing with God, and is of his holiness, and must exist in and with him. The second is a rule by which the first is intended to be dispensed, and may err. This is repealable; that, irrepealable. This, intended to point out the way by which that shall be preserved, while that is not intended by man at all, for it exists independent of man, as certainly as a proposition in mathematics or philosophy. Books may be written, States erected, governments put in motion; but if books, State, Church, publish principles not a transcript of self-evident truth, they publish a self-evident lie. There is a principle lying back of all constitutions, books, Bibles, all government, all church, on account of which these were created, and are either true or false; and whatever opposes this principle of self-evident truth is a self-evident lie.

Why do I believe the Bible? Because I was so taught? No. But because it is a transcript of what I know intuitively to be infallibly true. On this principle, which is infallible, suppose the Bible authorize the sale of my dear sister Lydia—allow her to be sold as a chattel personal, to all intents and purposes; suppose it allow her and my dear mother to be murdered, violated; allow certain ones to exercise such authority as this; that Bible is not the 'Book of God,' but it and its God are a self-evident lie. Now, whoever asserts that his Bible contradicts these self-evident truths, must admit that it is a self-evident lie, and whoever claims that his or her God approves such a book, all I have to say is this: Your God is my Devil.

We do not maintain that the Bible is false, but the opposite; nor that the 'Higher Law,' transcends it in kind; but that it is a manifestation literal of the Divine will. The Liberty party, the Free Soil party, hold that the Fugitive Slave Law is a violation of the U. S. Constitution. The first hold the Constitution to be inferior to, but in keeping with the 'Higher Law,' and a great portion of the latter. The Liberty party, in convention at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 17 and 18 last, passed this: 'Resolved, That the Liberty party makes no law, knows no law, obeys no law for Slavery.' The great majority of the people hold that, with small exceptions, the Constitution of the U. S. is good enough for the abolition of Slavery, if literally and legally interpreted. We should like, however, to see it so modified as that no one could, by any forced construction on paragraph third of sec. second, article fourth, make it a violation of the 23d chapter of Deut., 15th and 16th verses. We do not think it is, but that every moment Slavery exists, both the Constitution and that law are palpably violated. We hold the Fugitive Slave Law to be so palpable a literal violation of that passage, that *we cannot obey it*. Now, if the Bible taught anything else, I should reject so much of it as spurious. This is what I am to be understood to mean, when I speak of the 'Higher Law.' Not higher than God—not higher than His Book; but his law, expressed in the 'harmony of nature,' and then in His Book. I am no Infidel—God forbid! but I should thus deny God to be good, and deny his right to his own image.

Let me now say, in conclusion, I believe Slavery to be the highest crime in the universe; a crime exceeding murder in turpitude farther than murder can exceed the smallest crime in the land. Talk of the guilt of murder beside the reduction of a man or woman to Slavery! It is comparative innocence; I mean, to create Slavery, or to perpetuate it when it can be abolished. These, citizens, are my views of Slavery and the 'Higher Law.'

I subscribe myself,

Yours, for the slave,

CALVIN FAIRBANK.

MEMORIAL TO THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE subjoined Memorial (says the *Friends' Review*), remonstrating against the enactment of the bill for preventing negroes and mulattoes from emigrating into or settling in the State, was presented to both houses at Harrisburg, on the 12th of Feb'y.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met.

The Memorial of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, in Pennsylvania, &c., respectfully represents,

That your Memorialists have learned with regret, that a Bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives, the object of which is, to prevent any Negro or Mulatto from coming into the State, or settling therein, under penalty of imprisonment for not less than two or more than nine months, and to subject to a fine of not less than fifty or more than one hundred dollars, any citizen who shall employ or otherwise encourage any Negro or Mulatto to emigrate into, or remain within the limits of this Commonwealth; imposing also on the Overseers of the Poor, under the same penalty, the duty of informing against and prosecuting all persons violating this provision.

Should this Bill be enacted into a Law, it must, we conceive, operate with great injustice and oppression upon our coloured population, as well as impose burdens upon the white citizens, which will be found at once odious and injurious. Little need be said to show its inconsistency with the proper objects of legislation in a Christian community, which are, the restraint or punishment of evil doers, the encouragement of those that do well, and the protection of the weak against the encroachments of the strong.

It proposes to punish with an imprisonment that may be extended to a period of nine months, an act which cannot, upon any principle of just construction, be regarded as an offence—to wrest from the coloured race a privilege which is freely accorded to all others, the privation of which must subject them to many injuries and hardships, and greatly thwart their laudable efforts for improving their condition.

If we bring the matter home, and suppose such a Law applied to ourselves, prohibiting us from removing out of one State into another, as interest, inclination, convenience or necessity might dictate; or if we will apply it to the multitudes of emigrants from the other side of the Atlantic, it will require neither argument nor illustration to evince its injustice, or to secure its rejection.

Pennsylvania has enjoyed the reputation of taking the lead, among the States composing the Union, in providing by law for the total extinction of Slavery within its borders, and her subsequent Legislation in regard to the free coloured race has generally been marked with justice and liberality. With the exception of the right to vote, no invidious distinction between them and the whites, we believe, now operates in our Legislative Enactments, and we trust the wisdom of the Legislature will preserve the reputation of the State from such a stain as the passage of the Bill in question. Should it become a Law, it will evidently constitute a retrograde movement, and introduce a new and offensive feature into our Statute Book. Instead of advancing with the progressive civilization of the age, and acting up more fully to the benign and liberal principles of Christian philanthropy, we shall be falling back towards the bigotry and ignorance of darker ages.

Beside the odium and injustice of measuring the rights of those who come among us by the colour of their skin, there is reason to fear that such a law would be the means of aiding and encouraging unprincipled men in consigning to Slavery those who are legally and unquestionably free. Coloured persons coming into the State, ignorant of our laws, having a very limited acquaintance with our citizens, and being thrown into prison, would present a strong temptation to avaricious men to institute unfounded claims to them as fugitives from labour: and with the facilities afforded for the reclamation of alleged fugitives and the present high price which slaves command, those claims would no doubt be strongly urged, and probably often with success.

While we regard the provisions of the Bill as directly at variance with the Divine precept, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," a violation of which, no considerations of political expediency can justify, we discover nothing, in the condition or the number of our coloured population, which would lead to such a measure, even as a matter of policy. They bear to the whites, the proportion of about one to forty-two, and so far are they from encroaching on the whites, that while the latter have augmented during the last decennial period, at the rate of nearly 35 per cent., the former have increased less than 11 1-2 per cent. If we observe the manner in which the emigrants from Europe are filling up the stations formerly occupied by coloured persons, we may rest satisfied that no Legislation is needed to prevent the immigration of Negroes or Mulattoes among us.

In many of the rural districts, however, they still form an important part of the labouring classes, generally sober, industrious, and orderly: whose services, especially in the season of harvest, are necessary to the agriculturist, whose interests would suffer by the passage of this Bill.

It is sometimes assumed, without due examination, that the coloured population are a degraded race, burdensome to the community, whom a just regard to our safety requires to be kept from among us. These assumptions are not supported by facts. An extensive examination, made a few years ago, into the character and condition of the race in the city of Philadelphia and its vicinity, clearly proves, that, considering the existing prejudice against them, and the consequent discouragements and obstructions thrown in their way, they manifest, as a class, a large share of industry, economy and intelligence. Many have acquired considerable property by their own exertions, and, beside liberal contributions to their beneficial societies, pay to the public funds, in the form of taxes, an amount which, it is believed, exceeds the expenditure from the same source for their support.

Unjust as we deem the Bill in its provisions respecting the people of colour, it is also, as we think, an unauthorized encroachment upon the rights of the white citizens, subjecting them to a heavy penalty for employing in their business such persons as choice or convenience may suggest, or as they may think their interests require; thus creating an offence, by an unjust and oppressive enactment, where no breach of morals is committed.

Another very objectionable feature is that which imposes on Overseers of the Poor the invidious task of informing against and prosecuting their neighbours, for acts which they cannot regard as justly deserving either of censure or punishment. Such a Law, if enforced, can scarcely fail to exclude from the office the very class of men whom a judicious policy would lead to employ; and thus consign the care of the poor and of the funds for their relief, to hands unworthy of the trust.

When we consider that the author of our existence has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon all the face of the earth; that He beholds with equal regard all whom he has made; and that the imposition of burdens on one class, which would be indignantly rejected by others as a violation of their dearest rights, must be offensive in His sight; we feel bound, earnestly, yet respectfully, to remonstrate against the passage of the Bill in question; desiring that He, whose command is to "undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free," may dispose the Legislature to discountenance a measure so detrimental to the interests and to the rights of our fellow men.

Signed on behalf of a meeting of the Representatives of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, in Pennsylvania, &c., held at Philadelphia, the 6th day of the 2d month, 1852.

WILLIAM EVANS, Clerk.

GENERAL BUTLER'S LETTER ON THE COMPROMISE.

WASHINGTON, March 3.

The following is a copy of General Wm. O. Butler's letter to Mr. Blair:

CARROLLTON, Ky., Jan. 27.

DEAR SIR: I enclose you the proceedings of the Democratic Convention, held at Frankfort, on the 8th instant, which it was my intention to have done as soon as I had received them; but was prevented by the freezing up of the Ohio, which destroyed all of our mail facilities for near three weeks. The resolutions * speak for themselves, and it is only necessary for me to say that they were submitted to me before they were acted upon by the convention, and met my entire approbation. What effect they are likely to have upon myself, politically, I did not pause to inquire. It is sufficient for me that they are in strict accordance with my own opinions—opinions not of a day nor lightly entertained, and, therefore, not likely to be changed nor abandoned; opinions, too, in which the American people feel a deep interest, and therefore proper to be made known. In the proceedings of this convention there is nothing new nor in the slightest degree at war with that spirit of conciliation which seems likely to pervade every section of the union. While the first and second resolutions express, in bold and unmistakable language, what the people of Kentucky believe to be their constitutional rights in relation to the all-engrossing issues growing out of the institution of Slavery, still, by the third resolution, the convention resolved that, "*the people of Kentucky will abide by and maintian all the late acts of Congress known as the Compromise Measures*," as a final settlement of all the questions embraced in those acts. If her opinions should be deemed extreme, it but serves to prove how much Kentucky is ready to yield to the spirit of compromise. Every day's experience but serves to convince me, more and more, of the wisdom and patriotism of the great men who brought about these healing measures. It is as though a great national altar had been erected in our midst, on which every lover of our common country is invited to lay his offering of peace, and to offer up his prayers for the perpetuity of our Union, and the continuance of those inestimable blessings which we enjoy under its protection.

The Territorial question, although one of much importance, is fortunately, from its very nature, destined to be one of very short duration. In a few years, our wild territories will all become populous States, and each State settle within its own borders the question of Slavery, by constitutional enactments, that none can question. In the meantime, the rights, whether real or imaginary, of the contending parties will remain unimpaired. Let us, then, wait on time with the full assurance, that He whose march is tracked by the depopulation of kingdoms and empire in the olden East, will bring healing on his wing to the young West.

The Fugitive Slave law, with the entire south, is one of the most vital importance. The people of Kentucky are more interested in it than those of any other State, and their delegates at Frankfort have properly marked, with much emphasis, the necessity of strict enforcement. This, we think, we have a constitutional right to demand of the general government. Kentucky does not make this demand in wantonness, nor for herself alone, nor yet for the south, but for the entire Union; for the people of Kentucky honestly believe that upon the faithful execution of that law, the peace, the prosperity, and the integrity of the Union—all are staked.

The compromise measures will, in all probability, be added to the democratic platform of 1848, as they have been endorsed by most of the Democratic Conventions in the Union. Whether this be done or not, every candidate for the office of President will stand pledged to support them.

My native state has done me the honour, through its convention, to recommend me to the favourable consideration of the National Convention, to be held in June next. Without such recommendation, I had resolved that, with my own consent, my name should not be presented to that body. Acting on this determination, I have, until a few days past, answered none of the many political letters received from other States, which you will please accept as my apology for not having replied to yours. Still, the simple fact that we met together on a crowded steamboat, and breakfasted at a crowded hotel, where not one word was uttered by either that might not, for aught I care, have been proclaimed in the market place, connected with another most astounding fact, that you, and some of your political friends, have dared to commit the overt act of indicating your preference for myself, over other gentlemen who are presumed to occupy precisely the same political position that I do, have, it seems, afforded sufficient grounds with certain writers for newspapers to charge upon us a corrupt intrigue to secure the vote of the Free Soil party. I do not refer to this report for the purpose of proving its falsity—that you know full well. My purpose is to point distinctly the course I have acted upon, and intend to adhere to. I have nothing to do with the hopes and expectations that usually enter into a Presidential canvass. They are natural; and, when based on merit and fitness, not blameable. It is enough for me to say that I will not minister to them in the slightest degree. It is my wish to stand perfectly aloof from the contest, and suffer public opinion to form itself. I prize the character of a gentleman much higher than the office of President.

I have now given you my views briefly, but trust with sufficient clearness, and beg that you will act precisely as you would have done had you known them in advance. Whatever your course may be, I am satisfied that it will be dictated by your sense of right, and will in no degree disturb on my part that friendship which grew up between us when schoolboys together, and has travelled with us far through life, and to which I had the vanity to believe, and still believe, I am indebted for that preference to which has been assigned a very different and much less honourable motive. With high regard, truly your friend, W. O. BUTLER.

To F. P. BLAIR, Esq.

* The following is a copy of the resolutions referred to adopted by the Kentucky Convention, Jan. 8th, 1852.

1. Resolved, That the Congress of the United States has no power to control, regulate, or interfere with the institution of Slavery as it exists in any of the States.

2. Resolved, That Congress has no power to prohibit a citizen of any of the States, where Slavery exists by authority of law, from emigrating with and holding his slaves, and inhabiting any territory acquired by the blood and treasure of the whole people, and held by the United States, for the benefit of all the States.

3. Resolved, That we will abide by and maintain the several acts recently passed by the Congress of the United States, known as the compromise measures, as a final settlement of questions which threatened the harmony and integrity of the Union: and that we will not consent or submit to a violation of the principles of the compromise acts, and especially that which proposes to surrender, in obedience to the constitution, fugitive slaves to their legitimate owners. We require of the general government a prompt and faithful execution of this law, in its letter and spirit.

4. Resolved, That the application of the national revenue to the purpose of improvement, upon objects merely local and not national, is unconstitutional, and tends to an extravagant if not a corrupt use of public means.

5. Resolved, That the democracy of Kentucky are opposed to any innovation upon the principles of the tariff of 1846 and especially to a substitution of specific instead of the *ad valorem* principle embraced in that act.

PENNSYLVANIA AND THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

SOME time ago, the City authorities of Philadelphia proposed to the old thirteen States, a meeting of delegates, to celebrate, in Independence Hall, the signing of the Declaration of Independence; and to take measures for the erection of a monument to commemorate that auspicious event. Perhaps the proposition was made in good faith, and the city fathers of Philadelphia did mean that this demonstration should be a renewal of the protest of our country's fathers, in favour of the rights of man. But it seems to us that such a meeting would be a satire and a mockery, until Pennsylvania learns to appreciate the principles of that immortal document—until she has the courage to protect her citizens from the inroads of Southern banditti, and can redress the murders which are perpetrated in mockery of her sovereignty and power. Instead of indulging in reminiscences of national glory, and mouthing rhetorical tropes in honour of sublime traditions, it would, at this moment, much better become the men of Philadelphia to assist to redeem their State from the insulting tyranny of Maryland, and then go and weep penitential tears by the grave of Joseph C. Miller.

Until Pennsylvania in some respect compensates outraged humanity, for her passive permission of that most horrid and atrocious deed of blood-guiltiness, and until the North hurls back, in dirty tatters to the South, the fragments of the Fugitive Slave Law, such a meeting as Philadelphia proposes, would be no more than a keen, biting, trenchant satire, on an act which it is reserved for the regenerated future to reaffirm.

It will be remembered that on the 29th of December last, a miscreant called Thomas McCreary of Elkton, Cecil County, Md., and other ruffians by him employed, entered the house of Joseph C. Miller, West Nottingham, Chester Co., Pa., and took therefrom a free coloured girl, named Rachel Parker, and carried her to the State of Maryland, there to sell her to Slavery. It will be recollected, also, that Mr. Miller followed them to Baltimore, where he instituted legal proceedings for the recovery of the girl; that, on his way home with his friends, he suddenly disappeared; and, when found, was suspended by the neck to the branch of a tree, stiff and dead.

A coroner's jury, in Baltimore, declared that Mr. Miller committed suicide, and with this verdict Maryland demanded that Pennsylvania should be satisfied. But the wife, and children, and kinsmen, and friends of Joseph C. Miller, who could not so philosophically appreciate political affinities and exigencies as Governor Bigler and Governor Lowe, were not satisfied that the husband, father, and friend, who had passed through life with honour, should rest in his untimely grave, with the foulest blots upon his name. They determined to clear his living character from the death-stains put upon it by his murderers, and they have succeeded—succeeded, too, in digging up from the grave of the murdered man, the evidences of a deed so foul, so cruel, and so atrocious, that language is too weak to express its magnitude.

It has been demonstrated that Mr. Miller was decoyed from his friends, was manacled, poisoned with arsenic, and then hung upon a tree by the fiends, which Slavery alone could train and incite to do so demoniacal a deed. Physicians of high character and eminent talent, in Pennsylvania, have, after most careful analysis, sworn that this man died from poison, and that if he did hang himself, as alleged by the coroner's jury of Baltimore, it must have been after life was extinct.

Governor Johnson demanded from the Governor of Maryland that McCreary and his aids should be given up, to be dealt with according to the laws of Pennsylvania, for the invasion of that State, and the abduction and murder of its citizens. Governor Lowe, of Maryland, refused; and now Gov. Bigler, whose first official act was to pardon Alberti, the kidnapper, has rolled his official ermine over his eyes and ears, and will neither see the degradation of his State, nor hear the cry for justice that comes from the widow, the orphans, and the friends of the murdered man.

A fit State, truly, is Pennsylvania to take the lead in a demonstration in confirmation of the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Let her read that instrument! Let her inwardly digest its glorious eternal truths, and then let her rise in her dignity and might and establish them within her borders. Until she does so, let her stand by the graves of her sons, slaughtered by manstealers, and learn humility and modesty from their fate, and behold her own weakness or cowardice.—*Massachusetts Spy.*

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

THE following Address has just been forwarded from Bristol, England, for circulation in the United States. We trust the Anti-Slavery papers, whether religious or secular, will give it a place in their columns:

The Congregational Church assembling in Coopers' Hall, King street, Bristol, England, to all the United States of America who hold that Slavery is a sin, and treat it accordingly.

FRIENDS OF HUMANITY: We have looked with painful interest upon the warfare in which you are engaged with the crime-stained system of Slavery, and are constrained to utter words of sympathy and encouragement. Human language but feebly expresses our deep abhorrence of the system, and of the baseness of the men who, professing discipleship to Him whose mission was to "proclaim liberty to the captive," attempt to justify from the Book of God the maintenance of such an accursed institution.

Your land is self-styled the Land of Liberty. But will the nations believe it, while Slavery prevails? Your own public papers disclose the perpetration of crimes against the weak and defenceless, which prove that no nation on earth, save your own, has sunk so low in the scale of humanity. To call your land, then, a land of liberty, is a wrong done to liberty itself.

We desire not to boast of our own institutions, whether civil, social or religious, but we thank God we are not so nationally degraded as to hold property in God's image, by chattelizing our brother.

To us it is a distressing and alarming fact, that fifteen out of the thirty-one States composing your Confederacy, are stained with the foul blot of Slavery—a crime whose baleful influences have even penetrated the sacred precincts of the sanctuary. We look to the so-called Church of Christ in America, and find its members holding 660,163 fellow-men in bondage—content to bear reproach for the sake of unrighteous gain.

But we can yet hope for America. We rejoice to know that there is a noble band who have come out from her degenerate community—have separated from the slave power—have refused the price of blood, and taken sides with the oppressed. And such are you; and as such we regard you the representatives of Christianity. Maligned as you may be, but you are dreaded; despised, but faithful to your Master, your strength is the majesty of truth. Go forward, nor bate one jot of heart or hope. "The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation."

We rejoice with you, brethren, in the success that has already marked your course; herein God has blessed you. But further efforts to purify your country from the sin and shame of making a chattel of man are demanded. We would encourage you—we would urge upon you the importance of bringing your influence, as Christians, and as citizens, to bear upon the political social arrangements of your country, that this cruel crime may be speedily forsaken, and that America may justify the good hopes of the oppressed of every land, as the friend of human rights and freedom.

We assure you, brethren, of our warmest sympathies and earnest prayers; and in expressing ourselves thus, we feel that we are but uttering the sentiments of the great body of British Christians; an evidence of which you have already seen in the numerous declarations—in which WE now formally join—that, as a church, we could not give the hand of fellowship to any supporter of Slavery, nor could we accept the ministration of any teacher whose voice is not up in behalf of the slave.

(Signed in behalf of the Church.)

J. Panton Ham, Minister. Chas. Carpenter. Ewd. Mathews, Wm. Butcher, Thos. Mathews, Hartford Jones—*Deacons.*

AN "EXPURGATED" LITERATURE.

THE editor of the *Southern* (Charleston, S. C.) *Literary Gazette* demands expurgated editions of such school books as "The National Reader," "Scott's Lessons," and "The American First Class Book." And why, think you, reader! What dangerous sentiments do they contain that unfit them for the perusal of American children? Are they immoral in their teachings? do they sustain tyranny and denounce republicanism? Oh no! They simply contain extracts from the writings of the greatest English and American authors, praising liberty and denouncing Slavery! One of these extracts is that noble passage from Cowper in which he says:

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No, dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him."

This the editor sneers at, calls it "sickly sentimentality," and speaks of it as "stamping its infectious poison" upon the pages of school books! He goes farther than this, and objects to the following passage from one of Daniel Webster's early speeches:

"That ocean which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence, to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll its treasure with a conscious pride; that ocean which hardly industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of oppression when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes? What is it to him but a wide-spread prospect of suffering, anguish and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and cursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him."

Will it be believed in after times that men professing to be republicans denounced such sentiments as these, and refused to teach them to their children?

But where shall this work of expurgation cease! The Literature of the world is against Slavery, because Slavery is abhorrent to the dictates of civilized humanity. The greatest poets, orators and historians, have denounced Slavery, because they could not do otherwise and be true to their great mission. Alas! for our editor, what poet can be safely put into the hands of his children! Is there none that will tell them, in inspired voice, of the divinity of Slavery? No, not one! What is left for him but an "expurgated" literature? He and his children cannot drink of the pure wells of English literature; there is an "infectious poison" in them that will destroy their peace! They cannot wander at their will among its beds of flowers; a serpent is ever ready to sting them!

What an accursed system is this of Slavery, when it thus perverts the moral vision of men and makes them shun as "poison" the noblest sentiments of the human heart.—*Portland Transcript.*

CONSERVATIVE MUTILATION OF BOOKS.—Many of our readers are aware of the general fact that American Slavery has established a censorship of the press and scruples not to expunge Anti-Slavery sentiments from any works that fall within its power, regardless of the author's rights and wishes.

A case has recently appeared. The Memoir of Mary Lundie Duncan, of Scotland: By her mother, first had a wide circulation abroad: then was published in this country—in full—by the Carters, in various styles and some of them as cheap as could be desired; but now has been published, *abridged*, by the Am. Tract Society. It is, however, abridged very slightly, its size being scarcely at all lessened, but some important omissions are made.

According to the *Independent*, (for January 22,) the following is omitted on page 79. "We have been lately much interested in the emancipation of slaves; I never heard eloquence more overpowering than that of Geo Thompson. I am most thankful that he has been raised up. O that the measures soon to be proposed in parliament may be effectual."

In the following paragraph, the sentences in brackets are expunged in the Tract Society's edition:

"August 1. Freedom has dawned this morning upon the British Colonies. [*No more degraded lower than the brutes—no more bowed down with suffering from which there is no redress.*] The sons of Africa have obtained the rights of fellow-subjects, the rights of man, the immortal creation of God. [*Now they may seek the sanctuary fearless of the lash; they may call their children their own.*] Hope will animate their hearts and give vigour to their efforts."

Such mutilations have their object. We are sorry to see in them an unworthy subserviency to the foul behests of Slavery.—*Oberlin Evangelist.*

COLONISATION.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,

At Faneuil Hall, Friday evening, January 31, 1852.

Phonographically Reported for the Liberator, by J. M.

demand has been fully complied with. All over the land, it is religiously taught, that the G and Father of us all does sanction the enslaving man by his brother man, at least under certain circumstances; for did not the Hebrews buy and sell bondmen; and did not the Apostle Paul send back Onesimus to his master? And, therefore, there are no such things as inalienable human rights, and our revolutionary struggle was waged upon a false foundation.

Slavery further demands of us, that we shall be the persecutors of the poor, the helpless, the down-trodden, on our Northern soil. If any slaves shall succeed, by almost superhuman effort, toiling night after night and year after year, in obtaining the means whereby to ransom themselves; or if, through the power of conscience, acting on the slaveholder, any shall be set free, Slavery expects, as a proof of our loyalty, that we of the North shall despise and oppress them, in order to make their condition intolerable, and thus to check the spirit of emancipation. We have consented to it all; we have in all things become the miserable tools of the Slave Power.

Now, mark how terrible, as well as just, has been the retribution meted out to us! Our souls have become tainted with the leprosy of prejudice against those of a coloured complexion, who are here in our midst; and this is stimulating us to effect the distant colonisation of the free coloured population of the country. Slavery insists upon their banishment, to give greater security to slave property. At the present time, a combined effort seems to be making throughout the country to effect this detestable object. Indiana—a free State, so called—has, by a majority of more than ninety thousand, voted that no coloured person shall be allowed to enter her territory, and laid heavy and grievous disabilities on those now residing on her soil; thus trampling on the Constitution of the United States, which provides that 'the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.' But what does Indiana care for the United States Constitution? And what do the people care when that Constitution is trampled under foot, if so be the coloured man is trampled under foot with it, and if the object is to strengthen and protect the slave system? Pennsylvania has a proposition of a similar kind before her Legislature. Thus the aim is to crush the spirit and destroy the hopes of the free people of colour, and force them, virtually at the point of the bayonet, out of the country into the Atlantic ocean, or into Africa, if they shall safely cross the ocean. Thus one State after another, in this Christian land, is decreeing that this unfortunate class shall not live on its soil, except in degradation and misery. Hence the proposition for what is called the 'Ebony Line,' now before Congress, by which that body is urged to provide for the building of some three or four first-class steam-ships, for the purpose of increasing the facilities for expatriating the free coloured citizens of this country to Africa. Yes, Congress is asked to appropriate some three or four millions of dollars for the banishment of an inoffensive, helpless and injured people, to a country unknown to them, a land of darkness and heathenism, solely because it has pleased Almighty God to give them a complexion not coloured like our own, and because their presence here is detrimental to Slavery!

Now, against this, we are here to raise our voices; and I trust that, in this audience, there will not be a single dissentient. O, friends, by what right are we here, and who are we? Who is there here who does not love liberty, who does not claim to be an American, and glory in the name? And remember that these, our coloured fellow-citizens, were never born in Africa. They, too, are Americans; they, too, are entitled to all the rights and privileges of other native-born Americans; and it is a deed of unspeakble meanness and atrocity to seek their repulsion, on any pretence.

I register my testimony against the American Colonisation Society, for many reasons. There will not be time, on this occasion, to present these reasons fully to your minds—hardly time to enumarate them; but I will refer to one or two of them. In the first place, our country is large enough to contain the entire population of this teeming world, without being crowded. This is 'a great country,' indeed! Now, we have but about twenty-three millions on our soil. Our national doors, so to speak, are thrown wide open to the whole world; and thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of the poor, the persecuted, the degraded, and the heart-broken of Europe, are flocking to our shores, and are welcomed here, as having a right as suffering human beings to dwell among us, and enjoy all the advantages of our institutions. This is noble; and if we would only carry out this principle, there would be no people on the face of the globe to compare with us. How can we justify ourselves to the world or to God, in thus undertaking to expatriate our own countrymen, while we are permitting a vast foreign population to come here? Say not that it is on account of their degradation; for it is chiefly the degraded and penniless of other lands who come to our shores. It is true, occasionally some get alarmed at the vast amount of pauperism and ignorance which is rolling in upon us like a flood; and are anxious to secure the triumph of a 'Native American party,' in order to check what they deem an alarming evil; still the heart of the people beats in the right direction. No embargo, no proscription for the Irishman; let him come here, and we will try to relieve him. Is the German groaning under the weight of despotic power? Let him come here and find freedom. And so to all others who are oppressed. Now, if we do not refuse to take the degradation and helplessness of the old world, why should we pretend that our free coloured countrymen are too degraded to remain among us, and therefore should be sent to Africa for our safety and their good!

The Colonisation Society is something worse than Slavery, if you can conceive that possible. The devil is comparatively harmless when he avows himself to be a devil, and appears in his own proper shape. But when he goes about in the garb of an angel of light, so as almost to deceive the very elect, he is then a very dangerous devil, (cheers). So this Colonisation devil; it is the devil of Slavery, not in his own proper shape and dimensions, palpable to every eye, but appearing as an angel of light, professing to be intent on doing good, and anxious for the civilization and evangelization of poor, benighted Africa!

But where did the American Colonisation Society originate? Why, at the South, and among slaveholders. A meeting was held in the city of Washington, in 1816, for the purpose of organizing this foul conspiracy for securing the slave system. See what was avowed at the outset! Among the men who took part in that meeting were JOHN RANDOLPH and HENRY CLAY—the latter for some years the President of the Society. When I give you their testimony, I bring here to-night witnesses whose testimony cannot be invalidated. Mr. RANDOLPH made a speech on that occasion.

'Mr. Randolph concluded by saying, that he had thought it necessary to make these remarks, being a slaveholder himself, to show that, so far from being connected with the abolition of Slavery, the measure proposed would prove one of the greatest securities to enable the master to keep in possession his own property.'

What a benevolent Society that is! What a Christian Society that is! Poor benighted Africa! Who that longs to see civilization spread through the length and breadth of that continent will not only contribute liberally to the American Colonisation Society, the legitimate results of whose operations is to strengthen the chains of the slave? That is JOHN RANDOLPH'S testimony.

I will now give you the language of HENRY CLAY, on the same occasion. Mr. CLAY said—'It was proper, again and again, to repeat, that it was far from the intention of the Society to effect, *in any manner*, the tenure by which a certain species of property is held.' 'A certain species of property!' What did the man mean? He was degrading immortal beings, created in God's own image, to the level of 'a species of property.' The blasphemer! 'He was himself a slaveholder'—and not ashamed to acknowledge it!—'and he considered that kind of property as inviolable as any other in the country.' Just as good as his property in his horses, in his cows, in his homestead. There is no difference between a man and a brute, in Mr. Clay's estimation, if he can only get the power to use him as such for his own purposes! 'Nor was he disposed to go so far as the gentleman who had just sat down (Mr. Mercer), in saying that he would emancipate his slaves, if the means were provided for sending them from the country.' Mark you! the *benevolent* and *philanthropic* Henry Clay would not promise to send one of his slaves to Africa, much as he desired that she should be elevated and Christianized. No, indeed. Much as he longs to see Africa civilized and evangelized, he has never broken the fetters of a single slave that he owns, in furtherance of this object. 'It was not proposed,' he said, 'to deliberate upon, or consider at all, any question of emancipation, or that which was connected with the abolition of Slavery. *It was upon that condition alone*, he was sure, *that many gentlemen from the South and West*, whom he saw present had attended *or could be expected to co-operate*. It was upon that condition only that he himself had attended.'

There you have it! That is the American Colonisation Society; and I bring these witnesses forward here to-night, because I doubt not there are many in this assembly, who have supposed, as we once all did, that the Colonisation scheme is indeed a beneficent one, and worthy the support of all generous hearts. I bring these witnesses here to remove the delusion under which they are labouring, if they suppose the Colonisation Society is designed to help forward the abolition of Slavery in our country, and thus give freedom to those who are in bonds.

Do you want to know how that Society looks upon the act of transforming a human being into a chattel, and how it regards the slaveholder? I will give you the testimony of the official organ of the Society, the *African Repository*:

'The Society condemns no man because he is a slaveholder. The Abolitionists confound the misfortunes of one generation, with the crimes of another, and would sacrifice both individual and public good to an unsubstantial theory of the rights of man.'

I told you, at the outset, that Slavery had put its foot on the Declaration of Independence, and asked us to do the same thing. Here is the denial of the inalienable rights of man by the Colonisation Society, through its official organ, and the assertion, that the Abolitionists advocate an 'unsubstantial theory of the rights of man.' How 'unsubstantial?' Is not the Anti Slavery cause based on a solid foundation—that man is man, and no man is more; and that all men should be free, and enjoy equal rights? Is that 'unsubstantial' or 'fanatical'? No, my friends. But the Colonisation Society says it is, and, therefore, that Society is in direct opposition to human freedom and equality.

Mark this horrible language, in the same journal: 'We hold their slaves, as we hold their *other property*, SACRED.' I hold it to be infamous. I hold it to be stolen property. I hold it to be property which Christ came into the world to redeem by his blood, and sanctify eternally.

Again, hear what is said by the same journal—for I mean to give you no evidence drawn from Anti-Slavery sources—of the effect of Colonisation on our slave population:

'The execution of the scheme will augment instead of diminishing the value of the property left behind.' * * 'The tendency of the scheme, and one of its objects, is to to secure slaveholders, and the whole Southern country, against certain evil consequences, growing out of the present threefold mixture of our population.'

So, this is the safety valve of Slavery, to let off the superfluous steam, that there may be no explosion! A Christian Society, truly; desirous of civilizing and christianizing Africa! 'The tendency of the scheme is to secure the slaveholders, and the whole Southern country, against certain evil consequences, growing out of the present threefold mixture of our population.' This is the benevolence, this is the philanthropy of the American Colonisation Society! I give you evidence, drawn from unimpeachable sources, of the character and objects of this Society. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' Listen again:

'The scope of the Society is large enough, but it is in no wise mingled or confounded with the broad sweeping views of a few fanatics in America, who would urge us on to the sudden and total abolition of Slavery.'

Why should not Slavery be immediately abolished? It is an evil and a sinful thing. It is hurrying our nation down to the lowest depths of infamy, day by day. You find no promises of God growing out of the continuance of Slavery. The divine command runs thus—'Undo the heavy burdens; break every yoke; and let the oppressed go free.' And then come in the divine promises—'Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy darkness shall be as the noon-day. Thy health shall spring forth speedily; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not; and the Lord shall be thy reward.' These are the promises of God, as connected with the abolition of Slavery. Then the foul system cannot be terminated too soon! Would to God that it could be abolished now; as suddenly as we could utter the word 'immediate' (loud cheers, and a few hisses)! You that hiss have not the collar of the slave around your own necks; you do not feel (as he does) the excoriating lash of the slave-driver on your own backs. If you were in the slave's condition, you would heartily respond to my sentiments.

Now, look at the beneficence of the American Colonisation Society, judging it out of its own mouth:

'The slaves would be greatly benefitted by the removal of the free blacks, who now corrupt them, and render them discontented.'

Indeed! The slaves are 'corrupted by the free blacks!' The slaves, who are cut off from all knowledge, and are by law prohibited from being legally married, and forced into a condition where all the wickedness of Sodam and Gomorrah has a renewed existence—these unhappy victims will be 'corrupted' by the sight of men of like colour with themselves, able to enjoy some portion of their rights, to obtain some education, to accumulate property, and to be secure in their marriage relations; therefore, away with the latter to Africa! Besides, their presence makes the slaves 'discontented'! But how does that agree with another declaration which the slaveholders very frequently make, namely, that the free people of colour are perfectly miserable at the North; that the slaves are happy, and their condition is heaven itself, in comparison with that of free-coloured population here? If this be so, what have they to fear from the presence of such a population?

Human nature is true to itself. A man that can see at all, or feel at all, will generally know what will be for his own interest. Seeing a man of his own colour free—at liberty to work when he pleases, and for whom he pleases, he asks himself, 'Why cannot I do the same? If he has no driver over him, why should there be one over me? If he may be paid for his labour, why not I?' Now, your beneficent Colonisation Society is a cunningly devised scheme, in order that this disturbing element may be cast out of the country, leaving the nation free to devote its energies to the preservation, perpetuation, and *eternization* of Slavery. Will you give it your support, as the friends of liberty? No!

Again—the same organ says,

'By removing these people, we rid ourselves of a large party, who will always be ready to assist our slaves in any mischievous design which they may conceive; and who are better able, by their intelligence, and the facilities of their communication, to bring those designs to a successful termination.'

This whole Colonisation movement, it is plain, is directed against the free people of colour, through fear lest the slave, seeing them in the enjoyment of liberty, should deduce therefrom his own right to be free.

Here is another pregnant extract, from the same authority:

'Colonisation, to be correct, must be beyond the seas. Emancipation, with the liberty to remain on this side of the Atlantic, is but an act of dreamy madness. * * Let the Atlantic billow heave its high and everlasting barrier between their country and ours.'

Why, their country is ours. They were born here. They are bone of our bone, and blood of our blood. The blood of the Anglo-Saxon has been so mingled with that of the African, that we have almost robbed him of his complexion, as well as of his rights (laughter and applause).

Here at the North, the peculiar phase presented to us is the beneficial influence that Colonisation will have upon Africa. 'We wish to evangelize Africa,' says the Society. Who does not wish to see Africa relieved from the load of idolatry and superstition which is bearing her down? Who does not desire to see Africa rising up, and the knowledge of the true God diffused throughout her vast domains? The Abolitionist desires it with all his heart—none more than himself. He pities Africa, and longs to see her saved; and prays that she may not stretch out her hands in vain. But there are other parts of the world to be evangelized. Do we gather all the vile, the degraded, the helpless, and carry them by ship-loads to uproot idolatry in India, or break caste in Burmah, or destroy cannibalism in New Zealand? No! Missionaries, professing to be called of God, and moved by the Holy Ghost to go forward and preach the glad tidings of salvation to those who are perishing, stand ready to enter these fields, and are sent to occupy them. Why, then, do we not pursue the same course in regard to Africa? Even now the field is 'white to the harvest,' but where are the missionaries?

What can be more plain than this—if we are resolved to degrade the coloured men on our soil, to make them an abhorred race, the mere creatures of our own tyrannous will, we cannot have a true desire for the salvation of those of a similar complexion in Africa. If we love not our brother whom we have seen, who is constantly with us, it is impossible that we should love our brother whom we have not seen. Now, then, I want the judgment of this audience as to the position of the Colonisation Society, in regard to the free people of colour; for I have shown that it has nothing to do with the abolition of Slavery. Here it is:

'Free blacks are a greater nusiance than even the slaves themselves.'

'There is not a State in the Union not at this moment groaning under the evil of this class of persons, a curse and a contagion wherever they reside.'

'Of all the descriptions of our population, and of either portion of the African race, the free people of colour are, by far, the most corrupt, depraved and abandoned.'

'The existence, within the very bosom of our country, of an anomalous race of beings, the most debased upon earth, who neither enjoy the blessings of liberty, nor are yet in the bonds of Slavery, is a great national evil.'

'The class we first seek to remove are neither freemen nor slaves; but between both, and more miserable than either.'

'Contaminated themselves, they extend their vices to all around them, to the slaves and to the whites.'

I might go on all night, and give you similar testimony, from the printed reports of the American Colonisation Society, and from the *African Repository*, all representing the free coloured population as being the most degraded and the most vicious of the human race; and yet, that they, and they only, are 'QUALIFIED' to evangelize and civilize Africa? Well, men who want to believe a lie, and be damned, can have their choice. Men who are willing to swallow such absurdities as these, are capable of believing any thing. When Mr. Clay says, one moment, that the free coloured are the most worthless of all flesh, and the next, that every one of them is qualified to go as a missionary of deliverance to those in bondage to superstition and ignorance, and to bring them to a knowledge of the true God, he is like the man who was making an effort at a Munchausenism on a gigantic scale, while telling what a wonderful thing he did. Boasting of his own agility, he said that, on a hot summer's day, he ran down a deer in the woods, and caught and killed him. A bystander with troublesome incredulity, asked him, 'What! you, on a hot summer's day, ran down a deer?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and I'll tell you how it happened. The snow was very deep, and it had frozen during the night, and the crust was just strong enough to bear me; but the deer, every time he bounded, went through, which gave me the advantage, and I was enabled to overtake and capture him.' 'What!' said the interregator, 'snow upon a hot summer's day?' 'Upon my word,' said the boaster, rubbing his forehead, 'I believe I have put parts of two stories together' (laughter and cheers). And so Mr Clay puts his two stories together, quite as absurdly. When he wants us to do a cruel injury to an inoffensive and persecuted race, by determing upon their expulsion, he tells us that they are the vilest of the vile, and that we ought to hurl them from us. When he wants to make out a good case for the utility and philanthropy of the Colonisation movement, he talks of their marvellous adaptation to be the civilizers and evangelizers of Africa!

Let us bear a strong and united testimony against the American Colonisation Society. It is a most mean, most subtle, and most wicked plot. Let us unmask it. Let us see to it, that the free coloured people are recognised as MEN, BRETHREN, COUNTRYMEN. Let us indignantly protest against the diabolical laws which are being enacted against them in various parts of the country. We have outraged these poor victims long enough. We are solemnly bound to discharge the duty that we owe them, or, neglecting it, our damnation will be sure. In Africa, all is darkness and degradation. Here we have light; here we have knowledge; here we have schools—every thing to raise the depressed, and to develop all their mental and moral faculties. Why, then, should we conspire to hurl them out from our midst, into an idolatrous and heathenish land?

Friends, down with Slavery (Cheers)! Make no compromise with it; IT WILL MAKE NONE WITH YOU. You cannot have free speech, you cannot have any real liberty, while you consent to any compromise with the Slave Power. It demands entire subserviency to its will. O let us be true to freedom! What if we are put upon the list of fanatics, and ranked among the enemies of our 'glorious Union'? No matter. Down with Slavery! You see how exacting it is. THEOBALD MATHEW came over here on a beneficent mission, for the purpose of doing something to stay the tide of intemperance. In Ireland, with O'Connell and seventy thousand others, he put his name to an address to the Irish population in America, urging them to be true, as Irishmen, to the rights of man; to take part with the friends of freedom in achieving the abolition of Slavery. Having done this, when he came here, he ought to have spoken for the oppressed. Alas, alas, that he was dumb! Now, we have the eloquent Hungarian leader here, who comes with his heart full of liberty, as he declares; who has suffered so much in its behalf at home; and why should he not express his sorrow and regret at finding in this otherwise glorious country, such a system as Slavery? Because, it is said apologetically, if he should utter one word condemnatory of the crime of slaveholding, it would put an end to the object of his mission. And he also is dumb! I confess, it makes my hatred of Slavery burn yet more intensely, when I see such evidences of its corrupting and terrifying power; when I see men of such a character, and occupying such a position, doing at least silent homage to it.

But let us not be disheartened or intimidated by any event. Our work is before us—the entire abolition of Slavery, and the utter extinction of complexional animosity. I see no cause for doubt or discouragement. The triumph of the right is certain.

'Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
When sense and worth, o'er all the earth,
Shall bear the gree, for a' that.
For a' that, for a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the wide world o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that' (cheers).

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1852

LEGISLATION FOR SLAVERY.

LET the members of Congress amuse themselves as they will, in electioneering debates, brutal fights, or blackguard speeches, the national 'main chance' is well looked after. If anything is done, it is sure to be, in some way, in favour of Slavery, and it is not often, if ever, that a session passes, that the Slave-power does not demand that something shall be done for it. That of this winter will not be permitted to be an exception to the general rule. A bill is preparing, we learn from a correspondent of the *Tribune*, which is to make the Northern people all good Colonisationists, whether they have a mind to be or not.

By an Act of Congress of 1850, the proceeds of the Public Lands were directed to be deposited with the States in four Annual Instalments. Three of those have been so distributed, while the fourth, amounting to over nine millions of dollars, is still due.

Mr. Stanly of North Carolina is about to present a bill in relation to the instalment due which provides that certificates of the United States 5 *per cent.* stock shall be issued to the several States in payment of the sum to which they are respectively entitled with the express condition, "that each State shall appropriate the interest thereof, amounting in the aggregate so over four hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually, to the transportation of free negroes within the State to Liberia, or to the education and improvement of the Liberian colonists. The principal is never to be touched without further Congressional legislation, and the certificates are not to be issued to any State until the legislative authorities thereof consent to receive the same, upon the conditions above specified."

But should there be, in any State, no free negroes to be transported to Liberia then "the interest money is to be appropriated in establishing schools and colleges, and in improving the moral, social and religious condition of the Liberian Republic."

The friends of this bill express great confidence in its passage, and of course, it will have Northern, as well as Southern, advocates. It would be a new Bulwark to Slavery, and an important defence against all attacks. At all events it would summarily dispose of the most dangerous foe to the system within the citadel.

The South cannot compel the North to transport her free coloured citizens, but by this plan she does the next best thing to serve her purpose. If Massachusetts, for instance, should choose to remember that the first blood that was shed on her soil at the commencement of the revolt against the oppression of the mother-country was that of a coloured man, and shall not choose to send that race into banishment, she can, at least, be compelled to furnish her quota toward enabling other States to do so. An annual expenditure of a large sum on the coast of Africa will do something to render a residence there less terrible than it now is, and much to diminish, in the minds of people willing and easy to be persuaded, the force of the objections now so obvious and unanswerable against Liberia. It will have also a ulterior moral influence stronger even than this. It will strengthen and render permanent the bitter prejudice which now exists against the negro race, and, by this constant and practical assertion that Africa is its natural home, will go far to make it at length an unquestioned truth, that they have no right to live anywhere else. To deepen and strengthen the hatred and contempt of the coloured people at the North is to perpetuate their bondage in the Southern States.

Several of the Northern States, moreover, and all of the Southern, will very soon be ready to take the next step to which this, probably, is only intended as a prelude. An annual appropriation of nearly half a million of dollars could never be expended in the transportation of such coloured Americans as are willing to be banished to the coast of Africa, or upon the necessities of the handful of mud huts which constitutate the settlement of the Liberia Republic. To make the appropriation first, and to find a use for it afterward, is the policy of the slaveholding politicians. The means for transportation being provided, the interests of the colony being cared for, it only remains to find the Colonists. If the coloured people will not be voluntary emigrants, they must be made to be so. They must be "'ticed with a pitch-fork," as the farmer enticed the marauding cattle out of his corn. Should Mr. Stanly's bill become a law, we may next look for State legislation compelling the removal of the free coloured population to the coast of Africa; and nothing could be better calculated to induce such legislation, and make it effectual, than such provisions as the bill secures.

AGITATION IN THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

MR. HOAR, a member of the lower house in the Massachusetts Legislature, has offered the following Resolutions in that body, which, after some debate, were ordered to be printed:

Whereas, It has been the custom of Massachusetts, in times past, to express to the General Government and to her sister States, her wishes and purposes regarding matters which deeply concern the general welfare; and

Whereas, The principle upon which the permanence of the Union and the liberty of its citizens depend, have been put in hazard by a series of measures known as the "Compromise Acts;" and

Whereas, It has been claimed that this series of measures has, by general consent of the people, been adopted as a final and irrevocable compact; be it therefore

Resolved, That Massachusetts has not changed the principles she has repeatedly affirmed in relation to the institution of Slavery; that it is a local institution, which should be confined to the States where it exists, subject to no control and entitled to no support from the General Government; and that Congress has no right to involve the free States in its shame or in guilt, by laws designed to countenance, perpetuate or extend it.

Resolved, That the people of Massachusetts yield to no others in attachment to the Union and the Constitution; that they will support the one and obey the other; and will fearlessly and inflexibly resist any measures which violate the principles of constitutional liberty, and thereby disturb the harmony and endanger the existence of the Union.

Resolved, That the act of 1850, known as the Fugitive Slave Law, is opposed alike to the doctrines of Christianity and to the fundamental maxims of free government; that it is unconstitutional, unjust and oppressive; and that it ought to be speedily and forever repealed.

Resolved, That Massachusetts protests against the delivering into Slavery of men found upon her soil, and under the jurisdiction of her laws, in the actual enjoyment of freedom; especially without due process of law, and without a trial by jury before a legally constituted judicial tribunal.

Resolved, That Massachusetts expects of her Senators and Representatives in Congress that they will in all respects conform to the principles in these resolutions expressed.

Resolved, That His Excellency the Governor be requested to transmit copies of these resolutions to the Governors of the several States of the Union, and to our Senators and Representatives at Washington, to be by them laid before the two Houses of Congress.

SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA.—The petition, to which we referred several weeks ago, of certain Southern slaveholders to the California Legislature, asking permission to bring their slaves into that State, has been received, and, in some way, it is not clear how, acted upon. A Francisco paper thus speaks of it:

THE SOUTH CAROLINA AND FLORIDA SLAVERY PETITION.—This somewhat strange and unprecedented petition from certain citizens of South Carolina and Florida, presented by Peachy, in our House of Representatives, was disposed of in an unaccountable manner to us, as the report of proceedings we have read in the Sacramento papers do not mention how.

To speak our *individual* preference, we would gladly see California become a slave State; but never on such such base and infamous terms as have, by a foul arrangement and agreement, long since been made between certain renegade, false-hearted Southerners of this city, and a pack of blue-bellied Yankee land-pirates, who were formerly of the abolition stripe, but now by this arrangement turned pro-slaverists, and are bound by contract to use all means in their power to have the institution introduced into California.

Before Mr. Peachy, or anybody else, attempts to induce Southerners, or grant them permission to bring slaves into California for the purpose of cultivating the soil, he had better try first to fix a permanent and proper title to that soil. This is a question of first consideration and paramount importance.

It is unwise and impolitic to broach this Slavery discussion at present, and we would advise gentlemen to let it alone. We have enough other distracting questions to divide us without introducing this.

Besides, there is too much ignorance amongst the masses in California, too much false prejudice against this Slavery institution amongst them, and no unity of public opinion, or calm, familiar intercourse and discussion, as yet, to warrant belief, an attempt to alter the constitution now, in this particular, can succeed.

The committee to which may have been referred this petition, can of course report but one way, to reject it, as the prayer is in violation of the constitution.

This statement also confirms rumours, which have reached us from other quarters, of the proposed attempt to change the constitution of California, and make it a slave State. If such a plan is seriously entertained, we have no doubt of its success, notwithstanding the Compromises. The first step toward it, indeed, has already been made in the passage of a Fugitive Slave Law by the Legislature. Such a law is obviously unnecessary, as it could not be made more stringent or more effective than the Act of the United States on the same subject. It could only then have been passed with some ulterior object, and what that is, we learn from a section which is published, as presented in the original bill, in a San Francisco paper. It is the 4th section—the three others being virtually a re-enactment of the Congressional law—and is as follows:

§4. Any person or persons held to labour or service in any State or Territory of the United States, by the laws of such State or Territory, and who were brought or introduced within the limits of this State, previous to the admission of this State as one of the United States of America, and who shall refuse to return to the State or Territory where she or they owed such labour or service, upon the demand of the person or persons, his or their agent or attorney, to whom such service or labour was due, such person or persons so refusing to return shall be held and deemed fugitives from labour within the meaning of this act, and all the remedies, rights and provisions herein given to claimants of fugitives who escape from any other State into this State, are hereby given and conferred upon claimants of fugitives from labour within the meaning of this section.

This is in fact to establish Slavery, so far as those persons are concerned, who were once slaves, but who became free on the adoption of the constitution with the explicit clause that "Neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude, unless for the punishment of crimes, shall ever be tolerated in this State."

The unwritten law of Slavery, however, will prove stronger than the paper constitution.

☞ A CORRESPONDENT of *The Tribune*, writing from Washington, gives the history of a case recently decided in the United States Court, which is a curious illustration of what a virtue slaveholding is in one who is otherwise a rogue. He says:

A late trial in the United States District Court has disclosed a most remarkable charge of the Judge to the Jury, as regards "offsets." The case is briefly as follows: In 1843 a United States Marshal, of one of the Southern States, was declared a defaulter in the sum of $4,140 20. This Marshal was a slave-owner, and previous to the invasion of Florida in 1818, *four* of his negroes left him and took refuge among the Suwanee Indians. The master did not pursue them, nor take any steps to reclaim them. In 1818 the U. S. troops attacked these Indians, dispersed them and destroyed their settlement, and the master never heard of his four negroes afterward. In 1828, this *master*, who was afterwards Marshal, presented his claim for damages by reason of the loss of these four negroes, who had run away before the invasion, and whom he had made no effort to reclaim. Under the law of Congress, the U. S. Judge of Florida was made a Commissioner to pass upon claims for damages occasioned by the invasion, and his finding was to be reported to the Secretary of the Treasury, who was to approve or reject.

The claim to these negroes was *allowed* by the Commissioner in 1828, and the damages stated at $1,600; but, on being reviewed by Mr. Secretary BUSH, it was wholly and entirely repudiated.

Afterward, and when Mr ROBERT J. WALKER was Secretary of the Treasury, this defaulting U. S. Marshal applied to him to re-open and revise this decision of Mr. BUSH, but it was not done. Another application was made to Mr. Secretary MEREDITH, who examined and reported minutely upon the case, and refused to re-open; and lastly, Mr. Secretary CORWIN was applied to for a rehearing and revision, which was again refused.

Well, in 1851, a trial was had in the U. S. District Court, of a suit brought against this U S. Marshal and his sureties, in an action of debt upon his official bond. The defendants claimed an *offset* of $1,600 and interest, for damages sustained by the loss of four negroes a quarter of a century ago, and which had been again and again repudiated by the Government, insisting that had it not been for the invasion of Florida, his negroes would have "come home" or he could have caught them. And a U. S. District Judge admitted the *offset*, and directed the jury to allow it, and they found accordingly. L. E. S.

CALLING WHITE BLACK.—One Phil. S. White, who is now, or has been recently, lecturing in S. Carolina on Temperance, has been accused by one Jones of being, at heart, a traitor to the Peculiar Institution. The *Charleston Mercury* enters a plea for mercy on behalf of White for these reasons:

"We remember that the time referred to by Mr. Jones was one of great excitement, and even we, at that time, looked upon a compromise man, or one who attempted to justify the admission of California, as very little better than an Abolitionist. It may be that some remarks of Mr. White, upon the exciting question of that day, have been misconstrued, but of this we know and can say nothing. Mr. White will, no doubt, very soon answer for himself. In the meantime, we will state some facts which we consider well established. The Mr. White, who is now in our State, was born and bred a slaveholder. At one time he planted in Florida, and then did not scruple to make his slaves work as well as he knew how; and he has a brother now in Florida, and another in Mississippi, both of whom are large planters and slave-owners. Whilst he was in Charleston, we heard him express freely his opinions of the Abolitionists, and not only is he against them on *principle*, but he has a small *private* score against them, on account of their persecution of himself.

The *Evening Post*, which tells this story, well says that "a man who has planted in Florida, whose brother has planted in Mississippi, and who has himself a *private* score against the Abolitionists, surely ought to be above suspicion, and entitled to the protection of the law." We are nevertheless expecting to hear daily that White has been clothed in that uniform which the Chivalry awards to those who are suspected of being suspected.

CONVENTIONS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—We direct the attention of our Western New York readers to a notice, in another column, of the commencement of a series of meetings to be held in that section of the State, and this alone, we trust, is quite enough to awaken in them a lively interest, and to ensure them a very full attendance. The Fosters are hardly anywhere better known than in that part of the country, and no where, we believe, more popular. Many of the Abolitionists in that region may say of them as the Rev. Dr. Cox says of his friend, Consul Darling; that their esteem for the Fosters "is in conscious accord with 1 Cor. 4: 15."

The privilege of hearing Miss Holley will, for the first time, be granted at these Conventions; and we are quite sure that it will be esteemed as such when it is once enjoyed. The testimony which reaches us in regard to her is of the highest character. She is praised for great power of expression, for keen logical faculty, and for unusual graces of declamation; a combination which renders her an eloquent, as well as pursuasive and convincing speaker. So common is it now for women to address public assemblies, that one who commences, or continues, to do so is sure to be measured by a positive, and not a comparative, standard. We may therefore rely upon the reputation which Miss Holley has gained as a true and not a factitious, estimate of her abilities. That reputation, perhaps, has already preceded her in those places which she is about to visit with her more widely known companions; but the fact that she is as yet not much known, except by reputation, renders it proper that she should have this brief introduction, and that a hearing should be bespoken for her, so far as that is in our power.

Of the progress and character of these meetings we hope we may have some account hereafter. If it is not in the power of the lecturers, in the multiplicity of their other engagements, to give us such reports, we hope that some of the laity will appoint themselves special reporters for the *Standard* for the occasion. Though we would not be understood, in making such a suggestion, that the Agents shall leave it to chance whether any report shall be made or not.

☞ A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* says that the following placard was posted in Baltimore, a few days since, on the announcement of a concert there by the 'Hutchinson Family.' The Baltimorians were so lost to a proper sense of the value of the Union, as to permit the Concert to pass off without disturbance:

"TO THE CITIZENS OF BALTIMORE.—The 'Hutchinson Family' have announced a concert at Carroll Hall, on Monday evening, the 8th instant.

It is a well known fact that these noted Abolitionists have figured conspicuously at the various abolition meetings at the North, in some instances opening the meeting by singing a song breathing fanatical sentiments.

Citizens of Baltimore! are you willing to be insulted by a band of Abolitionists, singing strains of fanaticism? Will you encourage such concerts by those whose efforts are directed against an institution guaranteed by the Constitution, and who have sought to overthrow the glorious Union?

March 6th. SOUTHERN RIGHTS."

TURNING THE TABLES.—One Richard Porter, an overseer on the plantation of Wm. H. Gaines, of Warrenton, Virginia, was tied up, stripped, and whipped by four of the slaves on the 1st instant. For want of a cart-whip, or paddle, they used hickory rods, and, according to the account, they were well "laid on." The negroes, however, have been imprisoned, and will, no doubt, be severely punished for this subversion of southern custom.

THE CUBAN PRISONERS.—The Americans who were engaged in the piratical expedition under Lopez against Cuba, were transported to Spain, and since pardoned by the Spanish Government, arrived at this port on Saturday last. To our surprise they have not received a public reception.

TEMPERANCE.—The Legislatures of Rhode Island, New Jersey, Ohio, and Indiana, have each refused to pass the Maine Law, either with or without an appeal to the People. New York will probably follow their example.

HON. C. DURKEE, M. C., will accept our thanks for a Public Document.

A SERIOUS LOSS.—The entire destruction of the neat and commodious church, which SAMUEL J. MAY and his liberal and enlightened congregation have hitherto occupied at Syracuse, by the falling of the steeple during a violent gale, is a serious pecuniary loss to the parties directly interested, and calls not only for sympathy but substantial aid, for the construction of a new edifice. The case is peculiar in its appeals to the friends of Humanity and Progress, in whatever State located. Mr. May is one of the purest, best, and most philanthropic men living, enjoying the unbounded confidence and regard of all who are intimately acquainted with him. His was indeed a free pulpit, and mighty have been the influences for good that have emanated from it since his settlement. It was freely offered, as opportunity presented, to the friends of reform, whether men or women, and irrespective of theological opinions; and nobly did the congregation uphold this freedom. On Sunday last, THEODORE PARKER took occasion to refer to the destruction of this church, and bestowed upon Mr. May a panegyric as richly merited as it was beautiful—representing him as 'a philanthropist without cant, and a Christian without bigotry,' and stating that FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., would act as treasurer to forward any donation to Mr. May, that any might feel disposed to make towards the erection of another building. We hope the appeal will be liberally responded to in this section.

One thing we beg leave to urge upon the consideration of our suffering friends in Syracuse. Their beautiful house was destroyed in consequence of its lofty steeple falling upon and crushing it to the earth. In erecting another building, let there be no such hazard again incurred, and no such waste of means. A belfry, sufficiently elevated to contain the bell, is all that is needed. Tall steeples are equally expensive and dangerous, and commonly erected through rivalry and vain-glory. George Fox entertained many and well-founded objections to them, especially in connection with religious worship; and we think his was an enlightened testimony.—*Liberator.*

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. XCIX.

THE ARGUMENT.—"*As dull as a great thaw*"—*New difficulties in pursuit of Religious Knowledge—The Slough of Despond—The Correspondent defineth his position as to Women's Rights—And as to the Powers of Mud—Philosophy of Roads—Mud and Dirt—Hon. George T. Davis' Meat—His appetite, his thankfulness—The Correspondent on Dirt Pies—On Mr. Davis' public Shrift—He procureth him Absolution and a Clean Bill of Health—He hinteth at Mr. Rhett—The Worcester Convention—What Mr. D. had and what the Correspondent might have had to do with it—He renounceth the vanities of this world—And bewaileth Mr. Davis, comparing him to a young bear—"A beautiful young man!"—General Lincoln, Mr. Quincy's Impeachment of Jefferson, Mr. Lovel, Patrick Maguire, Dr. Morse, the Protection and other things of which who would know must read—What cannot be told, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, March 15th, 1852.

THERE are few vestiges left of the ice, which afforded me an exordium for my last letter. All are fast disappearing before as great and as dull a thaw as ever afforded Shakspeare a comparison. The difficulties under which the Pursuit of Religious Knowledge had to be carried on, yesterday, were of a different description from those I then dilated upon. It was not a *slip* that was so much to be apprehended as we wended our ways, if not to the Celestial City itself, at least to what we are assured is the Gate thereof (a fact which I have not only on the authority of many eminent divines, but of inscriptions I have read on the authentic walls of wooden meeting-hou

"You can't have what you want, my friend. None but Americans born are entitled to them," explained the General.

"And that's what I am myself," persisted Patrick; "I'm a born American, I am!"

"Indeed, and where may you have been born?"

"In the town of Hingham, your honour."

"Ah, that won't do, Patrick," responded the veteran, shaking his head; "you have n't laid your venue right I know every man, woman and child that has been born in Hingham for the last fifty years, and there's no Patrick Maguire among them all."

So poor Patrick, finding he had "woke up the wrong passenger," was obliged to retire disconsolate and unprotected because of his having not been born in the right place. As he left the Office, Mr. Lovel followed him out. Now, you must know that this transaction occurred about the time when the theological conflict between Unitarianism and Orthodoxy was beginning to rage, and when men, after talking of Bonaparte, and Jefferson, and Federalism and Democracy, till they were hoarse, refreshed themselves by reasoning high

"Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,"

and regeneration, damnation, and other legal topics of discourse. And one of the most famous logocrats, in both kinds, was the then famous Dr. Morse, now forgotten, or remembered only as the father of the Inventor of the Electric Telegraph. Mr. Lovel, as I said, following Patrick out of the room, gave him this parting counsel:

"Patrick, do you just go over to Charlestown, and inquire out the Rev. Jedidiah Morse. He'll teach you *how to be born again!*"

I have divers other things to tell you, such as Mr. Hoar's Anti-Slavery Resolutions in the House, and how, after they had been referred to a special committee, they were handed over for strangulation to a Committee raised for such purposes; and of the Maine Liquor Law, &c. &c. But they must wait; and I suppose, like John Quincy Adams, they *can't*.—D. Y.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

DEAR FRIEND GAY: in my last, I was intending to say a few words on the use of Tobacco, as it had come under my observation in the State of New York. Its use in another direction threw me off the track, and with your leave I will now return to it.

We are pretty brutish in the habit, here in New England; but the New York people, either from their Dutch descent or some other cause, can smoke us all into the shade, or drown us in floods of the pure Extract. I said we were *brutish* in the habit. Let me beg pardon of the brutes. There is but one brute in the six Eastern States that will touch the hateful stuff. There is one, a dog, in Massachusetts, so the papers say, that has been so corrupted by a large shop's crew of mechanics with whom he unfortunately associates, that he has contracted a taste for tobacco, and now chews it with the worst of them. So true is it that "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

We talk about the expense of tobacco in dollars and cents: that is the smallest item. When men use tobacco as I saw some use it in New York, dollars and cents lose their value. Anything else is as good as money. It is not loss of money, but *manhood*, that is to be counted. Manhood gone, what need of talking about money. I saw a being in Herkimer County, not one and twenty winters old, who said it cost him three shillings every single week for chewing tobacco. A more pitiful object one could not wish to see. Money or anything else is valueless to the like of him, and himself as valueless as one of his abandoned quids, and as loathsome. He would be perfectly safe, among the hungriest man-eaters in New Zealand, in a time of famine.

I asked a man how often he filled his box in the course of a day. "Oh," said he, "rather ask me how many times I fill it *in an hour*." When sitting and talking with you, he always holds his box in his hand. It would be very bad economy of labour to put it every time into his pocket. After eating, he always smokes; but as he could eat in less time than I, and was too polite to leave me at the table, he had the spit box brought and placed by the side of him, and actually chewed up two most generous deposits while I disposed of a piece of pie. Then he turned round to the fire and commenced smoking. This happened at least twice while I was in his family. On his parlour mantel, stood, not a splendid pair of porcelain vases, or costly solars, but a huge bole of "*Fine Cut Tobacco*," at least twice as large as the family Bible.

Another man, not satisfied with the ordinary modes of chewing and smoking, always kept a convenient sized wad of the article stowed away in one of his ears. In point of *decency*, this mode surely has the advantage over all others.

A good Methodist matron, where I happened one night, was fighting the laws of gravitation most of the time by endeavouring to compel large quantities of snuff to mount up perpendicular into her nose. To mount against *tide*, as well as attraction. And I must say she succeeded to admiration—the amount showing that there were most roomy dimensions in her upper regions Nature is said to abhor a vacuum. So, apparently, did that woman. Still I could but deplore that, for convenience sake, her nose had not been brazed on, the other end upwards. She could then have taken her snuff as easily as one could load a double-barrelled pistol.

But I must stop in the middle of my disclosures, or write what I dislike to see on any subject—a long communication. If it is best, I can give further relation of the things which I have seen and felt on this most disagreeable topic.

Yours, for cleanliness of character,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

Litchfield Co., Conn., 8th March, 1852.

XXXIId CONGRESS.....First Session.

THE proceedings of the National Legislature have been slightly varied, during the past week, by a hand-to-hand fight between two of those members who bring into the House the manners and habits which they have learned on the plantation. Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, said in debate that there was no secession party in that State. Mr. Wilcox, of the same State, a secessionist, declared the statement to be void of truth. Mr. Brown wished to know if Mr. Wilcox meant to accuse him of uttering a falsehood? Mr. Wilcox replied that if Mr. Brown meant to say there was nobody in Mississippi in favour of secession, it was false. Whereupon Mr. Brown planted his fist betwen Mr. Wilcox's two eyes; Mr. Wilcox returned the blow; and a rough-and-tumble fight ensued, and continued till the ruffians were parted. They both apologized immediately to the House, and there the matter ended.

In the Senate, Mr. Seward has made a long and able speech on Intervention. A Resolution, offered by Mr. Mason, directing inquiries to be made into the propriety of paying Spanish citizens their claims arising out of the Amistad case, was adopted; as also was that of Mr. Sumner on Cheap Ocean Postage.

The principal topic of debate, during the week, has been the claims of various presidential candidates.

The speech of Mr. Rantoul, of Massachusetts, in reply to his unfortunate colleague, Mr. Davis, we copy below, from the *Congressional Globe*:

SPEECH OF HON. ROBERT RANTOUL, JR, IN REPLY TO MR. DAVIS.

Mr. Chairman—On the 24th of January last, I had occasion to reply to some gross, unfounded, and unprovoked aspersions upon the people of the State of Massachusetts, uttered by one of their representatives upon this floor. The Chairman's hammer fell before I had concluded that reply, and I learned on the next day that it was quite probable a rejoinder might follow what I had already said. I concluded, therefore, to delay any further remarks until that rejoinder should come, because I supposed that the gentleman who had made this assault upon the people of my Commonwealth would follow one or other of two courses; either that he would attempt to establish by evidence the charges he had made against the constituents of us both, and the people of the Commonwealth, generally—which I knew he would not undertake, if he was a wise man, because the evidence to support those charges did not exist—or else, if, like a prudent man, he avoided following up his attacks, I thought that then, like an honest man, he would stand up and retract what he had said about the coalition, and boldly avow his own views. I waited, that the gentleman might choose the one or the other line for himself; and I regret that I did so wait, because, to my disappointment, the gentleman has done neither the one nor the other.

The gentleman attacks the coalition of Massachusetts as corrupt—basely corrupt—infamously corrupt. It will not do for him to get up here and say that he states certain facts, and that other people may draw the inferences or not, as they think proper. The gentleman has himself brought forward here a charge of infamous corruption against a majority of the citizens of his own State. His own terms are—

"This great crime against our institutions, this wholesale corruption, this monstrous—I had almost said this inexplicable falsehood to conscience and to God, to the ear of man, and to the nature of things."

He does not sustain that charge; he does not abandon it. He evades it; and because I had introduced his history—not that the country might reproach him with it; that was not my motive, for I dealt in no terms of opprobrium—but because I had introduced his history as an illustration of the general course of the party to which he belongs, he evades the issue which he himself had tendered, and dodged off to talk about his own consistency, and to make an attack upon my consistency. What does the country care—what does the world care about the consistency of either of us? The issue tendered by the gentleman here was, that the coalition in Massachusetts was corrupt. I accepted that issue. I said the gentleman had not pointed to one act done by that coalition, or to one law or resolution passed or attempted to be passed by that coalition which he dared to assail. I said he had not denied that the men put into office by that coalition were better men, and would fill the offices better, than the men that were removed to make room for them, and that if he denied it, I would join issue with him on that question. He did not walk up to either of those issues in addressing this House. The gentleman has not found fault as yet with any law passed or attempted to be passed by that coalition which he denounces as infamous. He has not pointed to any one appointment, to any one office made by the government created by that coalition in which the appointee was not a better man for the place he received than the man who was removed to make room for him. Then, sir, I take all that for confessed. The coalition has been a good coalition so far as its acts go, its laws go, its appointments go; and we come back to the original question, whether the act of coalition, without regard to what the parties did after they combined, was in itself infamous and corrupt. If it was, the gentleman stands justified. If it was not, he may say himself how he stands. I will not define a position for him

Now, sir, for a few moments—though I am aware it is a very small matter, and I dislike exceedingly, personal explanations for they take up the time of the nation which ought to be better employed—but still for a few moments, as I know the House expects it of me, let me follow the gentleman's defence of his own consistency and his assault upon my consistency.

First, the gentleman pleaded the statute of limitation. That was not a plea *to the merits*, as the gentleman knows, as well as I do. But I will admit that plea to a certain extent, because I wish to deal fairly with this case. If there is any harshness of language—any unnecessarily irritating form of expression in the resolutions which the gentleman approved in '35, '38, and '40—I will admit the plea of the statute of limitation and let that language be softened down—let nothing that is offensive in the mode in which the ideas are put forward, now stand. But the ideas themselves remain, and the gentleman tells us, in his printed speech, though I did not hear it on this floor, that he glories now in substantially the same sentiments as he then avowed. Why, then, does he come forward and apologize, in a manner that I do not like to witness in a son of Massachusetts? Why, if he entertains these opinions, does he not stand up like a man and say, there is my doctrine—that is what I believe—that is what I shall act upon; and why does he not act upon it? He should have done this, because the statute of limitation does not apply to his case: it is only *ex gratia*—that we forget the mere favour. Here is a running account—items entered very lately. They take the whole matter out of the statute, as every lawyer very well knows I was about to comment on those late entries, when the Chairman's hammer fell; and I will proceed to notice them now very briefly. I was going on to show my colleague's position—the position on which he came into this House, what he came here for, what he was sent here to do, and he knows it perfectly well. Why, then, does my colleague talk of the statute of limitation? He was elected in 1850, and the Convention which nominated him, and which was held at Northampton, on the 4th of October, passed the following resolutions amongst others:

"Resolved, That while we rejoice that the slave trade will no longer be permitted to disgrace the capital of the nation, we deeply regret that the right of trial by jury, so eloquently claimed by our own Representatives for the coloured citizen charged with the crime of seeking his freedom, should be withheld from him, and that the constitutional clause under which he is claimed, *odious in itself, should be rendered still more odious and detestable by the mode of its enforcement*.

"Resolved, That while, as good citizens, we cannot counsel open resistence to the execution of the fugitive slave act, we will give *every possible legal aid* and assistance to those who may be arrested under it, in the assertion and maintenance of their rights.

"Resolved, That the better to insure the safety and the rights of the fugitive, it is expedient and desirable, in the opinion of this Convention, that the Legislature of this Commonwealth, at its next session, should pass an act authorizing the Executive to appoint one or more commissioners in every county, whose duty it shall be to appear for any person arrested as a fugitive under this law, to protect his rights, and aid him in establishing all facts necessary to procure his discharge, and directing the payment of all expenses incurred by any person so arrested, in establishing his rights, to be made from the treasury of the Commonwealth."

These were some of the resolutions of the Convention which nominated my colleague, when he was elected to the seat he now occupies. Was this without my colleague's concurrence? Or what did he say to it? I have taken from the *Boston Atlas* a portion of his reply to the letter asking him to stand as a candidate, and I will read it to the House. The letter was originally published in the *Springfield Republican*, and was republished in the *Boston Atlas* of November 7th—the Thursday before the election. It is dated November 2d, and contains these words:

"DEAR SIR: My opinions, in regard to the Fugitive Slave Law, are in accordance with the resolves on that subject adopted by the late Whig Convention for this Congressional district. Nothing, it seems to me, can be more clear than that the right to freedom ought to be guarded with a care at least as jealous, and as formal as that which we deem requisite for the legal protection of property. *No law upon the subject ought to be satisfactory to our people*, OR TO REMAIN UPON THE STATUTE BOOK, which withholds from the alleged fugitive the power to have the question of identity and of freedom determined by a jury within the county or State where he is found."

The rest of the letter refers to the question of high tariffs for protection; and upon those two issues, *and those only*, was my colleague elected to the seat which he now fills. He was elected because the Convention resolved that the clause of the Constitution relating to fugitive slaves was ODIOUS IN ITSELF, and that this fugitive slave law made it MORE ODIOUS AND DETESTABLE; and because he, in his reply, said that those were his sentiments, and that such a law *ought not to remain on the statute book*. Now, I do not think that the question of *protection* excited quite as much interest in his district at this election, as it has done at some other times. I am, therefore, of the opinion—my colleague can set me right if I am wrong—that the issue which sent him here was his declaration, a week before the election, that the Fugitive Slave Law ought not to remain upon the statute book. Can the gentleman prove to this House that a hundred men in that district would have voted for him—can he prove that *ten* men in that district would have voted for him—if they had believed he would have declared here that he was opposed to the repeal of a statute which, in his letter accepting the nomination, he said ought not to remain on the statute book? If he can, let him do it, and give the House their names. That is a question for the gentleman to answer.

I think that the plea of the statute of limitation hardly helps my colleague here at all. There is the position in which he stands. I did not pick him out for the purpose of holding him up to reproach in this House; for when I spoke before, I believed the opinions he advanced were the opinions which he honestly and sincerely maintained, and I gave him a fair opportunity to get up and defend himself, honestly and sincerely, by one or the other of the courses I have suggested; but he has not chosen to embrace it.

I recommend Northern gentlemen, who present the spectacle to the country of preaching one set of notions at home and another here, to look a little to the South, for we may find some good things there. Southern gentlemen, who find themselves in a small minority maintaining unpopular opinions, do not, as a general thing, so far as I have noticed, come here and whine over it, and apologize for their own past history; and I hope that Northern men will stand up with a little *Southern* spirit—if I must be compelled to go far for the right word—and say what they believe, as their brethren of the South do. I hope the sad fate of my neighbour of the sixth district will be a solemn warning to other gentlemen in that quarter, who feel an inward working, prompting them to lay their hands on their mouths, and their mouths in the dust, and cry unclean, when they have been guilty of free thoughts. The exhibition is not exhilerating (laughter).

Well, sir, I do not know that it is worth while for me to follow further the private history of my learned brother. I pass from that subject—which it is disagreeable to me to have had to notice—to the question which has been raised here in regard to my own constituency, one which I am quite ready to meet here, or elsewhere, whenever any man chooses to raise it. Why, the gentleman has called me a modest man. I did not grow more modest while he was making out for me a character for consistency, which I think a great many politicians would rejoice to have made out for them. The gentleman has shown me as occupying, a great many years ago, identically the same ground, on very important questions, as I occupy now; and he has failed to show that, during the intervening time, I have ever uttered one word in any public speech, or have ever written a word in any printed letter, or in any document intended to be an expression of my opinions; he has not yet found, although Massachusetts has been dragged with a drag-net forty-two days to find it, any written word of mine to convict me of inconsistency in public matters.

Mr. Chairman, what I have done for the last ten years, has not been done in a corner. I have spoken in New England, in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Missouri, and I challenge any man, who has heard any public address of mine, to come forward and convict me of inconsistency upon any great national question. That is my challenge; and I think it is quite broad enough to cover all supposable cases. But, sir, I know perfectly well what I am saying; and I am quite willing that all the other States shall be dragged with drag-nets, as Massachusetts has been; for my colleague has had zealous and industrious assistants, fitted by nature to be scavengers, who have dragged every corner, to see if they could not hunt up some stale slander which could be used against me. I am quite willing the other States should be examined in the same way, and if I have been inconsistent upon any one of the great national questions, let the gentleman show it. But, until the gentleman does show some foundation for his charge, I shall not think it necessary to go very much into details of rumours to prove conversations, or supposed publications, with which I had no more to do than my colleague himself.

What right has my colleague to say of me, he "made himself, at an early period, distinctly understood upon *both* sides of that as well as *many* other questions which have been agitated in Massachusetts for the last ten or fifteen years?" I pronounce that simply and plainly to be untrue. I have not been upon both sides of that question, or any other leading question before the country. I do not mean to accuse my colleague of intentionally falsifying the record. I do not believe he would do any such thing. I mean to charge him with simplicity and credulity in allowing himself to be imposed upon by others craftier than himself, to broach the calumnies they dare not utter in person. That is all.

Mr. DAVIS—Will my colleague allow me to say, that one thing which I had in my mind was that the gentleman did sanction, in 1838, a doctrine of the greatest importance—that of interference with the extension of Slavery. I understood, also, that he was a member of a committee who, in 1848, reported a resolution declaring that Congress ought not so to interfere.

Mr. RANTOUL—I would ask my learned colleague whether he supposes that, because I was in a convention composed of eight hundred men, I am responsible for all that is done in that convention? If I am thus to be held responsible, I will never go to conventions again. I am willing to be responsible for all the resolutions that I write, or all that I sign as president of a convention, and for all the resolutions in relation to which I express my approbation by speaking or writing. But if a man is to be responsible for several columns of resolutions written by a lawyer who does nothing but write resolutions, and passed by an assembly of eight hundred men, there is not a man who attends our conventions who could not be proved to be inconsistent by such a rule. My colleague alleges that, in 1823, I wrote some very bad poetry. I have written a good deal of bad poetry in my life—most of it is burned, and the rest ought to be. But it all the bad poetry that I have written, and twenty reams more that I did not write, were charged upon me here, it should not turn me aside from the great issue before me. It is not a question whether a man writes bad rhymes or how many of them, or whether he can make a bugag. It is a question which concerns the great interests of the country, and upon which I am willing that my opinions shall be known. They are found to be written down in plain prose. You must not go to anonymous doggerel to find them. I will begin with 1828, because the gentleman says that in that year I expressed opinions different from those I now hold. In that year the universal topic of discussion in my section of the country was that of a high protective tariff. Upon that issue I stood then just where I now stand. If my colleague can find a scam in my armour which will admit the point of a dagger, let him drive it home.

On the day that the news of the passage of that bill of abominations, the tariff of 1828, arrived at the place where I resided, I wrote and published in the newspapers an article predicting the fatal results of the law—predictions since verified. I showed that the South was cruelly oppressed, and could not be expected to submit quietly. I then gave my reasons for that opinion, and they are reasons from which I have never departed from that day to this. That was my position in 1828, and I am willing to stand by that position now.

In relation to the great question of internal improvements, I would say that in 1830 I wrote articles in favour of the Maysville road bill veto. I am ready to produce the original of those articles, and the gentleman can see whether I have varied a hair's breadth. I have always denied the constitutional power to make grants for a general system of internal improvements in the States. I have always admitted that under the power to regulate commerce, we could build piers and breakwaters, and remove obstructions in harbors; and I have always contended that the same principles applied to harbours upon the lakes and to the rapids of the Mississppi, and the great rivers, as to similar constructions or improvements on the seaboard. That is the doctrine which I asserted twenty years ago, and which I assert now, and I challenge any man to show where or when I have asserted anything else. So of the Bank. I sustained the veto of 1832, and did not waver in 1834, or afterwards. So of the Sub-Treasury. I advocated before the administration adopted it, and stood by it till it came out triumphant at last. As to those great questions pertaining to the nature of our institutions, I hold that ours is not a government of unlimited powers, as some would treat it—although they do not distinctly profess that doctrine. I hold that this is a government with strictly limited powers, especially granted and that the great danger to be apprehended, is from the invasion of the rights of the States by the Federal Power. That is the doctrine which I have always held since I was old enough to hold opinions. Any gentleman who knows anything about my history, knows that I have never held any other opinions. Why, then, did the gentleman say I stood upon both sides of many great public questions? The gentleman makes charges and does not pretend to produce the evidence to sustain them. Why? I do not know. Perhaps *he* does not know. Those who suggest the charges may know that they have no others which can be better sustained.

The gentleman does not attempt to assail my position, or my course, upon any of the other great questions of national importance, by saying specifically I am on both sides of it—a charge rather difficult to be made out, rather difficult to be *attempted* to be made out, because there is not evidence to be found, to start upon the undertaking.

The gentleman says that when I was in Springfield, Illinois, during the last winter, an article appeared in the Springfield *Register*, and he insinuates, what he ought not to insinuate, that the handwriting of that article resembles mine. If the gentleman has the article in his possession, I will thank him to produce it

Mr. DAVIS. I have not.

Mr. RANTOUL. If he has it not, he must not make the insinuations of resemblance of handwriting; because he had no cause for supposing that I wrote an article of that kind. Nothing in my history would indicate that I was likely to write such an article; and I doubt whether the gentleman, in the bottom of his heart, ever had any suspicion that I wrote it. If he suspects it, let him give the grounds for the charge; for gentlemen should not bring charges without grounds. I think the committee will perceive that I should not have been likely to have written that article, when I have stated a few facts

I was in Springfield, Illinois, in the month of February, 1851, upon business of great importance to those associated with me, and to myself individually. I was attending to that business, and avoiding politics as far as I could. Before I left home, on the 8th day of October, 1850, I had been unanimously nominated for Congress by a very large Democratic Convention, which even in these days of casuistry, no one has yet denied *was a Democratic* Convention. It was fully attended by delegates from the several towns in the district, and they nominated me for Congress unanimously. They passed a resolution declaring their firm conviction that the fugitive slave law, just passed on the 20th of September, was unconstitutional. I was nominated on the 8th of October. The election was to come off on the 11th of November. On the 7th of November, I think it was, a meeting was held in the town of Beverly—my native town, in which I now reside, and where everybody knows my history and opinions. At that meeting, I took up the various leading topics of the day, and among others the Fugitive Slave Law, and I then declared, in the most distinct and unequivocal terms, my entire conviction of the unconstitutionality of that law. I gave my reasons for that conviction. That, I say, was on the 7th of November, and the election came off on the 11th.

My learned friend thinks some conversation about some resolutions in Boston convicts me of taking an opposite stand. All I have to say about that is, that when I talk to those gentlemen again, I think it will be in writing. My position was as well known then as I could make it. I had addressed a meeting in the Town Hall of Beverly—a town of some five or six thousand inhabitants, some eight hundred of whom were present. I generally try to talk so as to be understood, and I say those eight hundred men understood me to declare the Fugitive Slave Law unconstitutional, and for the same reasons that I to-day declare it unconstitutional. After that, does anybody suppose I went to Boston to tell them I was in favour of the Fugitive Slave Law? I think, if I had acted in quite so extraordinary a manner, I should have been locked up in an insane hospital. Having made that speech upon the 7th of November, and the election having been held on the 11th of the same month, I went to Boston every day until about the middle of December.

Mr. DAVIS. Will the gentleman allow me to ask him, whether he denies having received those resolutions and looked over them? And does he deny having had an interview with the Union safety committee?

Mr. RANTOUL. I will answer the gentleman with great pleasure. I admit that I had interviews, not only with members of the Union safety committee, but with a large number of the Webster men of the city of Boston. They were so crazy, just at that time, that they might well misunderstand any one they met with. They really imagined that they had saved the Union. I only say, that the world may see from the position which I took every pains to make public, that I did not intend to palm myself off upon Mr. Webster's friends as a supporter of the compromisers.

Mr. DAVIS.—I merely wish to ask whether it is true that the honourable gentleman took those resolves home with him and returned them?

Mr. RANTOUL.—I will answer the gentleman. The resolves were brought into my office in the afternoon, before I left Boston for Beverly. When I came back, I found them upon my office table. These gentleman may have supposed that I spent the whole night studying the resolutions. Such is not the fact. That I have expressed myself in the very highest terms, in praise of the intellect of Daniel Webster, is perfectly true, and I will furnish it to the gentleman in print, if he wants to see it. That I have expressed regard for the Union is true: and I will express it again if I have occasion. That I have said I will stand by the Constitution, is true; and I say so now. A man could hardly say, at that time, that Mr. Webster was a man of great intellect, that he was in favour of the Union, and that he would stand by the Constitution, without being considered a Webster man, and in favour of his election to the Presidency. That was the inference drawn at once an inference which I did not intend to be drawn in my case, as the getleman may see from my taking care to pronounce publicly just the opposite doctrine, from time to time, at very short intervals. My position is not an ambiguous one. But here were gentlemen looking for support for Mr. Webster, and every man who did not want the Union dissolved, was set down as almost certain for Mr. Webster. I do not want the Union dissolved; but I shall not help make Mr. Webster President, because I think the Union can be saved without that expedient. If I thought there was no other way of saving it, I might go for him. But the Union was saved on the 7th day of March, 1850, as every gentleman knows as well as I do, and it has been saved every three weeks since (laughter)—and there are a great many other gentlemen anxious to save it as often as possible, for the credit of the thing.

Now, sir, I went to Illinois immediately after this, and while there, an article appeared in the *Springfield* (Illinois) *Register*. I have here a letter, which states the views taken of that article by the editor of that paper some months after he published it. I do not know that it is worth while to read it through, but my colleague [Mr. Davis] or any other gentleman who desires, can examine it. It is a letter which says that the editor "had no positive knowledge of your [my] opinions on the compromise measures, and, at the time, supposed he was doing you [me] an act of friendship." The writer further says, "I never heard you express your views of them [the compromises] notwithstanding they were several times introduced [at Springfield] for the purpose of drawing you out."

That is the explanation of the whole matter. Here was a gentleman who imagined that the suspicion of opposition to the compromise might do me an injury, and being desirous of doing me a favour, published an article, which I never saw until many days until after it was published. Just as I was about leaving Springfield, it was pointed out to me, and I immediately said it was wrong—that I had not authorized it to be published, and that I regretted that it was. Now, sir, I allude to another circumstance. The only article published by me while I was in the State of Illinois, is a letter, to which my name is signed. I published nothing anonymously. I deny not only that production, but everything else that may be attributed to me there. I wrote, signed, and published a letter under my own signature. That letter which was addressed to Hon. U. F. Linden, a member of the House of Delegates, or Assembly, of the State of Illinois, went into a calculation of the cost of certain railroads, concluding by summing up what I supposed to be the advantages to the State of Illinois, from the construction of the railroads then in contemplation; I then added, "that the advantages of works like these are not confined to the State in which they are located. They are common to the country. A railroad connecting the basin of the great lakes with the Gulf of Mexico, running from Chicago to Mobile, will do more to connect the Union in enduring bands, than all the windy declamations of all the demagogues that have spouted in legislative halls for the last eighteen months."

Now, I would ask any man of any sense, who will take that letter and read it, if he thinks that the man who wrote it, and signed his name to it, and published it, was trying to pass himself off there as a very high-toned compromise man? If there is a man who can believe that, I will not argue with him, for he is beyond the reach of argument. That is the position I stood upon. I did not argue the compromise matters, and even the latter sentence, probably, if I had reflected upon it, I should have thought in bad taste, and crossed it out. I did not go to Illinois to talk about the compromises. It so happened that I wrote the last sentences in a hurry, and signed my name to it; very fortunately for me, as it turns out, for it shows where I stood then, when it did not occur to me that I was writing a letter for such a purpose as it now seems to answer.

Mr. DAVIS, (interrupting). If the gentleman will allow me, I desire to ask him another question. He stated, that on no question can any printed remarks be found, showing that he ever stated anything inconsistent with the doctrine of the letter of '38. I ask him, whether, in the election of 1848, he did not make speeches upon the stump, in which he supported the doctrine of non-intervention?

Mr. RANTOUL.—I answer the gentleman distinctly, that I did not. Now, if the gentleman can prove to the contrary, he can have ample time, and I will aid him in searching for materials. I supported General Cass, and did it in good faith, and in various parts of the country, and did all I could to bring about his election. On most occasions I made no allusions to his Nicholson letter; but when I did allude to it, upon very few occasions, I briefly expressed my dissent from his conclusions; that is all, I did not make it prominent; and when I thought it was absolutely necessary to touch upon it, I took care that my hearers should know where I stood.

Now, sir, I am not going through this long dialogue of small matters, because it is not worth the time. The game is not worth the powder. If my own reputation will not take care of itself, it is not worth the trouble of being taken care of. I will risk it; and I will leave unanswered all the other matters which the gentleman has alluded to, simply saying, that if any statement would warrant the fair and honest inference that I have been inconsistent upon any of the questions to which the gentleman has alluded, then that statement is false; that is all. I am not going into particulars, because there is beyond all these a great question, a question vastly more important to the country and to the world, than the consistency of my colleague from the Sixth district or myself. We are but insects that move about upon the surface of this globe. But there are great interests, concerning all humanity for all future ages, that are agitating this nineteenth century, and which we, as members of this Congress, are bound to meet. It is not for the North, it is not for the South, it is not for any section of this country to rise up, and talk loud and angrily by way of quieting agitation. Agitating speeches do not mend the matter. No section, no great interest, by thrusting its head into the sand like an ostrich, diminishes the danger which it declines to look in the face. Here are certain great interesting questions which must have an issue somehow. How, as yet, God only knows; but it is for us, as men, to look them in the face, and to determine what are the principles upon which they are to be settled—not to try to make each other angry. I do not respect that man who tries to make me angry when he should argue, because it puts an end to all fair argument, all prospect of our coming to an understanding to the end of time. But let us, with a common desire to see how these questions may be met, mutually tolerate differences of opinion, and allow every man to speak out frankly what he believes, and then respect him the more, the more frankly he expresses his opinions. That is my feeling; and I hope it will be met with the same feeling on the part of others.

But, sir, before I touch upon this, let me say a word or two about this coalition in Massachusetts, because the gentleman originally flung his gauntlet down upon that matter. He says it was a corrupt coalition. Now, sir, in Massachusetts there were, and have been for many years, three parties. The law and constitution of the State of Massachusetts require a majority to elect to any office. No one of the three parties was strong enough to establish a government. One of two things was to be done, then. And I ask this House, and every man in it, which we should choose? Either there could be no government for Massachusetts, or else there must be a combination of two parties. Which ought we, as patriots, to have done? Have no government? No. If we were to have a government, a combination was to have been made somewhere. Three coalitions were possible; Whigs and Free-Soilers, Whigs and Democrats, Democrats and Free-Soilers. There can be no other. Which does the gentleman prefer. That is quite plain. The House may see where the shoe pinches. The gentleman and his patriotic friends, whose souls sicken at thought of the new coalition, had made a combination between Whigs and Abolitionists, and had controlled the State by that means. I understand Whig ethics, and the ruling principle is, what puts *us* in is right, and what puts *us out* is wrong. Now these very same gentlemen who formed a coalition and carried it out for eighteen years, all at once saw themselves ejected from power. O, it is horrible, it is corrupt, it is infamous. They blush for their own State when they find other men doing for good and patriotic reasons, that which they have done for no reason at all, except to share the spoils of office, and to carry out a system of class legislation, out of which they filled the pockets of the managers of this machinery. That has been done for years, until at last the people of Massachusetts could stand it no longer. They determined they would not be ruled in that manner any longer. They rejected all these gentlemen; and when the Whig party was suddenly choked off from the great meat platter which the gentleman saw in apocalyptic vision, it set up a howl that might be heard through Tartarus. At that I do not wonder. What I wonder at is, that there are Democrats in other parts of the country green enough to send back an echo to that howl; who sympathize with the Whigs who have been in office for the best part of half a century, and think it infamous to turn them out. This is what I wonder at, and I have not ceased to wonder to this day. Why, sir, a combination was necessary. No man will deny that. The only question was what combination should be made. Only three combinations are possible; the Whigs and Free Soilers, the Democrats and Free Soilers, and the Whigs and Democrats. No system of mathematics can make more than these three. The Whigs and Free Soilers had been united for sixteen or eighteen years. The Whigs had all that time been professing to believe various matters which they did not believe, or else their acts belied their belief, one or the other. They have been, under false pretences, obtaining goods which did not belong to them, for eighteen years. The Free Soil party became sick of frauds of that sort, and upon so large a scale. They could stand it no longer. They determined that they would no longer coalesce with the Whigs upon any pretence whatever. Should the Whigs and Democrats have coalesced? In other parts of the country I see the effect of Whig and Democratic coalescence. With a little more of it you will have a Whig majority in the Senate. I find gentlemen rising up here, gentlemen from Southern States coming here, and publicly announcing that they came determined to vote with either party that will go furthest in a certain direction—gentlemen whom I supposed to be Whigs, and to hold Whig principles, but who have no objection to turn Democrats all at once, as a black lobster turns red by boiling; that is the Whigs will turn sound, consistent Democrats, if the Democratic party will eat more Southern dirt than the Whig party will. That is the proposition, and it is made unblushingly here; and the people who make it come here and ask the two great parties to put up their principles for sale, to be knocked down to the highest bidder. And they have the impudence to talk to the people of Massachusetts about an unprincipled coalition.

I should like to see the want of principle shown in our coalition, shown by some of these gentlemen who come here and say they are willing to join either party—either party, provided it is a party of thorough and profound *sectionalism*—ignoring all inhabited regions North of Mason and Dixon's line; provided it is a party not having a national idea in the head of any man belonging to it; provided it is a party that believes the Constitution of the United States was created to perpetuate and secure the blessings of Slavery to ourselves and our posterity, and for no other purpose; provided it is a party of one side—they do not care whether it is a Democratic or Whig, they will go for it. That is the kind of doctrine advocated on this floor. And then the men who advance it turn round and berate the men of Massachussetts, and call the creation of a government an infamous coalition. Of that I do not complain so much as that a native son of Massachusetts should endorse all these miserable slanders. It is of that I complain. The coalition, I say, in Massachusetts, must needs be of Whigs and Free Soilers, Whigs and Democrats, or Democrats and Free Soilers. Now I, as a Democrat, had no idea of coalescing with the Whigs. I had fought them all my life long. The gentleman from Florida (Mr. Cabell) does not see any distinction between the two parties. I have seen a distinction—a broad gulf—a gulf like that between Dives and Lazarus, and I could not leap over it at a single bound. I supposed there was a principle at the bottom of this. If I have been mistaken, it is a mistake of which I do not wish to be relieved. I wish to be suffered still to suppose that there is a little principle in the world, instead of that all parties and aggregations are rogues. I think there was a principle at the bottom of the division between Democrats and Whigs, and I could not, as a Democrat, coalesce with the Whigs. You then ask, how did the Democrats coalesce with the Free Soilers? Was there not a broad distinction between them? I will show how broad, for it is best that these things should be understood. You will have to understand them bye-and-bye; and what is the benefit of talking nonsense in hours together, when we can get at the plain facts, if we choose to do so; and when, having got at the plain facts, we can better judge how to conduct ourselves than by the impositions palmed off here day after day in order to influence the country. I will show gentlemen how far the Democratic party and Free Soil party were from each other at the time the coalition was made.

The gentleman knows very well, although the House may not, that the coalition was formed in the fall of 1849, and not, for the first time, in the fall of 1850. It was formed in the fall of 1849, and attempted to take power out of the hands of the Whigs, but did not succeed. It came very near success, but did not succeed. In 1850 they made a second trial, and succeeded. In 1851 they made a third trial, and succeeded again. Three times has this coalition been in operation; the first time a failure, and the last two times successful. Now, before the coalition was made, of course those Democrats who came nearest to the peculiar opinions of the Free Soilers, had no difficulty and felt no repugnance. The repugnance must have been on the part of those who were furthest from the Free Soilers, and I propose to show where *they* stood. I hold in my hand the resolutions reported by the Hon Benjamin F. Hallett, Sept. 19th, 1848, the week the coalition was formed; and gentlemen will see how far Mr. Hallett and those who thought with him had to go before they could act without repugnance with the Free Soil party. The following is one of the resolutions reported by Mr. Hallett:

Resolved, That we are opposed to Slavery in any form and colour, and *in favour of freedom* AND FREE SOIL *wherever man lives throughout God's heritage*.

That is one of the resolutions, and here is another:

Resolved, That we are opposed to the extension of Slavery to free Territories, and in favour of the exercise of all constitutional and necessary means to restrict it to the limits within which it does or may exist by the local laws of the State.

Now, gentlemen will ask me, what is the vote upon these resolutions of Mr. Hallett? It was a very full Democratic convention, and the vote in favour of these resolutions was a unanimous one, on the 19th of September, 1849. Gentlemen who wrote one kind of resolutions for the newspapers, unanimously adopted, circulating them throughout the State of Massachusetts, in a printed form, for effect, and who will write another kind of doctrine in private letters to members upon this floor, must submit to have their two systems compared. I say here what I have said in Massachusetts. Print them in parallel columns, and you will find no difference. If the gentlemen wish to make the North all hypocrites; if they wish every man at the North who entertains sentiments that are not perfectly palatable in high Southern latitude, should falsify his own record and pretend to love that which in his heart he abhors; if gentlemen desire that, why, there is a way to make some men do that, but there is no way to make all men do so. The thing is impossible. I think too well not only of the people, of the freemen, of Massachusetts, but I think, thank God, I am able to say, too well of the freemen of the United States: I think too well of human nature all over the world, to believe that a universal system of hypocrisy upon the subject of Slavery, or on any other subject, as possible now, or will be at any future day. You may succeed in making——

Mr. CABELL.—Will the gentleman permit me to ask him a single question?

Mr. RANTOUL.—I have not time. The gentleman can speak after me for an hour.

Mr. CABELL.—I only wish to ask the gentleman if the gentlemen of whom he is speaking is the same one who is chairman of the Democratic committee?

Mr. RANTOUL.—It is the same man—what is called at the North, a Hunker Democrat (laughter). Now, sir, I was saying, and I cannot go over the matter that I had intended to pass over, that this issue of Slavery is a great national issue to be met with national, constitutional principles. We have got to see what has to be done with it. I say it is *we*, I say that it is not one third of the Union that is to settle this subject if the United States Government take it up. It will be settled by two-thirds of the people of the United States, and not by one-third. Yes, sir, gentlemen should remember that the State of Massachusetts has a greater white population than any State south of Mason and Dixon's line, and yet Massachusetts is a small State at the North. Are those States that contain one-third part of the white population, to say that the General Government shall take hold of this subject? That is the first proposition. Second: When they take hold of it are they to do what they demand—they being one third of the people, and we, the other two-thirds, shall humbly submit to it to the end of our days. They will make that demand, but it will not be granted; that is all. Is

Miscellany.

OUR SOCIETY AT CRANFORD.

In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses, above a certain rent, are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears: he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighbouring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim garden full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maid-servants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever any are in distress, the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. "A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is so in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but somehow good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the head; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everbody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent: "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler, of cleanly memory; but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford—and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to Church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it "a stick in petticoats." It might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor little lady—the survivor of all—could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tyne-wold.

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear" (fifteen miles, in a gentleman's carriage); "they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve; from twelve to three are our calling-hours."

Then, after they had called,

"It is the third day; I dare say your Mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world; and talked on about household forms and ceremonies, as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward; instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray up-stairs, if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sate in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up; though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge-biscuits were all that the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Cranford, although she did practice such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant," and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious;" a sort of sour-grapeism, which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor. Not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed; but, in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay Captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighbouring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connexion with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why! then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that, loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked home to or from a party, it was because the night was so fine, or the air so refreshing; not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact, that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could not speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet, somehow Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority, at a visit which I paid to Cranford, about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit Captain Brown and his daughters, only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked up-stairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man, about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights and omissions of trivial ceremonies with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Crandford ladies had been cool: he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and, with his manly frankness, had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place of authority among the Cranford ladies. He, himself, went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity, as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day, when he found his advice so highly esteemed, as to make some counsel which he had given in jest, be taken in sober serious earnest.

It was on this subject; an old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an-hour call, without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligene of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumoled into a lime-pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard, and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided, "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, Ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the Captain heartily; she set to work, and by-and-bye all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark grey flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in grey flannel in London? Captain Brown had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, where he lived with his two daughters. He must have been upwards of sixty at the time of the first visit I paid to Cranford, after I had left it as a residence. But he had a wiry, well-trained, elastic figure; a stiff military throw back of his head, and a spring step, which made him appear much younger than he was. His eldest daughter looked almost as old as himself, and betrayed the fact that his real, was more than his apparent, age. Miss Brown must have been forty; she had a sickly, pained, careworn expression on her face, and looked as if the gaiety of youth had long faded out of sight. Even when young she must have been plain and hard-featured. Miss Jessie Brown was ten years younger than her sister, and twenty shades prettier. Her face was round and dimpled Miss Jenkyns once said, in a passion against Captain Brown, (the cause of which I will tell you presently), "that she though it was time for Miss Jessie to leave off her dimples, and not always be trying to look like a child." It was true there was something child-like in her face; and there will be, I think, till she dies, though she should live till a hundred. Her eyes were large blue wandering eyes, looking straight at you; her nose was unformed and snub, and her lips were red and dewy; she wore her hair, too, in little rows of curls, which heightened this appearance. I do not know if she was pretty or not; but I liked her face, and so did everybody, and I do not think she could help her dimples. She had something of her father's jauntiness of gait and manner; and any female observer might detect a slight difference in the attire of the two sisters—that of Miss Jessie being about two pounds per annum more expersive than Miss Brown's. Two pounds was a large sum in Captain Brown's annual disbursements.

Such was the impression made upon me by the Brown family, when I first saw them altogether in Cranford church. The Captain I had met before—on the occasion of the smoky chimney, which he had cured by some simple alteration in the flue. In church, he held his double eye-glass to his eyes during the Morning Hymn; and then lifted up his head erect, and sang out loud and joyfully. He made the responses louder than the clerk—an old man with a piping feeble voice, who, I think, felt aggrieved at the Captain's sonorous bass, and quavered higher and higher in consequence.

On coming out of church, the brisk Captain paid the most gallant attention to his two daughters. He nodded and smiled to his acquaintances; but he shook hands with none until he had helped Miss Brown to unfurl her umbrella, had relieved her of her prayer-book, and had waited patiently till she, with trembling nervous hands, had taken up her gown to walk through the wet roads.

I wondered what the Cranford ladies did with Captain Brown at their parties. We had often rejoiced, in former days, that there was no gentleman to be attended to, and to find conversation for, at the card parties. We had congratulated ourselves upon the snugness of the evenings; and, in our love for gentility and distaste of mankind, we had almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be "vulgar;" so that when I found my friend and hostess, Miss Jenkyns, was going to have a party in my honour, and that Captain and the Miss Browns were invited, I wondered much what would be the course of the evening. Card tables, with green baize tops, were set out by daylight, just as usual; it was the third week in November, so the evenings closed in about four. Candles, and clean packs of cards, were arranged on each table. The fire was made up, the neat maid-servant had received her last directions: and there we stood dressed in our best, each with a candle-lighter in our hand, ready to dart at the candles as the first knock came. Parties in Cranford were solemn festivities, making the ladies feel gravely elated, as they sat together in their best dresses. As soon as three had arrived, we sat down to "Preference," I being the unlucky fourth. The next four comers were put down immediately to another table; and, presently, the tea-trays, which I had seen set out in the store-room as I passed in the morning, were placed each on the middle of a card-table. The china was delicate egg-shell; the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing; but the eatables were of the slightest description. While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Miss Browns came in, and I could see, that somehow or other, the Captain was a favourite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the man's place in the room; attended to every one's wants, lessened the pretty maid servant's labour by waiting on empty cups, and bread-and-butterless ladies; and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played for three-penny points with as grave an interest as if they had been pounds; and yet, in all his attention to strangers, he had an eye on his suffering daughter; for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards; but she talked to the sitters-out, who before her coming, had been rather inclined to be cross. She sang, too, to an old cracked piano, which, I think had been a spinnet in its youth. Miss Jessie sang "Jock of Hazeldean" a little out of tune; but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so.

It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this, for I had seen that, a little while before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission (*a-propos* of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough—for the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at the card-table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece! But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed, the next morning) *would* repeat the information, and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her the identical Shetland wool required, "through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland goods of any one in Edinbro'." It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths, and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music; so I say again, it was very good of her to beat time to the song.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually to a quarter to nine, there was conversation; comparing of cards, and talking over tricks: but, by-and-bye, Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of 'Hood's Own?'" said he. (It was then publishing in parts). "Capital thing!"

Now, Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen it, indeed, she might say she had read it."

"And what do you think of it?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Isn't it famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say I don't think it is by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model." This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the gentleman who was terrified out of his wits by political events, who "could no more collect himself than the Irish tithes." Some of us laughed heartily. *I* did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said with mild dignity.

"Fetch me 'Rasselas,' my dear, out of the book-room."

When I brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown:

"Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favourite, Mr. Hood, or Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched majestic voice; and when she had ended, she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson, as a writer of fiction." The Captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was the 'Rambler' published, Ma'm?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice; which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters. I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favourite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown..

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the Captain had not dreamed. Epistolatory writing, she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized the half-hour just previous to the post-time to assure" her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Hood."

It is said—I won't vouch for the fact—that Captain Brown was heard to say *sotto voce*, "D—n Dr. Johnson!" If he did, he was penitent afterwards, as he showed by going to stand near Miss Jenkyns's arm-chair, and endeavouring to beguile her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. But she was inexorable. The next day, she made the remark I have mentioned, about Miss Jesse's dimples.

It was impossible to live a month at Cranford, and not know the daily habits of each resident; and long before my visit was ended, I knew much concerning the whole Brown trio. There was nothing new to be discovered respecting their poverty; for they had spoken simply and openly about that from the very first. They made no mystery of the necessity for their being economical. All that remained to be discovered was the Captain's infinite kindness of heart, and the various modes in which, unconsciously to himself, he manifested it. Some little anecdotes were talked about for some time after they occurred. As we did not read much, and as all the ladies were pretty well suited with servants, there was a dearth of subjects for conversation. We, therefore, discussed the circumstance of the Captain taking a poor old woman's dinner out of her hands, one very slippery Sunday. He had met her returning from the bakehouse as he came from church, and noticed her precarious footing; and, with the grave dignity with which he did everything, he relieved her of her burden, and steered along the street by her side, carrying her baked mutton and potatoes safely home. This was thought very eccentric; and it was rather expected that he would pay a round of calls, on the Monday morning, to explain and apologise to the Cranford sense of propriety: but he did no such thing; and then it was decided that he was ashamed, and was keeping out of sight. In a kindly pity for him, we began to say—"After all, the Sunday morning's occurrence showed great goodness of heart:" and it was resolved that he should be comforted on his next appearance amongst us; but, lo! he came down upon us, untouched by any sense of shame, speaking loud and bass as ever, his head thrown back, his wig as jaunty and well-curled as usual, and we were obliged to conclude he had forgotten all about Sunday.

Miss Pole and Miss Jessie Brown had set up a kind of intimacy, on the strength of the Shetland wool and the new knitting stitches; so it happened that when I went to visit Miss Pole, I saw more of the Browns than I had done while staying with Miss Jenkyns; who had never got over what she called Captain Brown's disparaging remarks upon Dr. Johnson, as a writer of light and agreeable fiction. I found that Miss Brown was seriously ill of some lingering, incurable complaint, the pain occasioned by which gave the uneasy expression to her face that I had taken for unmitigated crossness. Cross, too, she was at times, when the nervous irritability occasioned by her disease became past endurance. Miss Jessie bore with her at these times even more patiently than she did with the bitter self-upbraiding by which they were invariably succeeded. Miss Brown used to accuse herself, not merely of hasty and irritable temper: but also of being the cause why her father and sister were obliged to pinch, in order to allow her the small luxuries which were necessaries in her condition. She would so fain have made sacrifices for them and have lightened their cares, that the original generosity of her disposition added acerbity to her temper. All this was borne by Miss Jessie and her father with more than placidity—with absolute tenderness. I forgave Miss Jessie her singing out of time, and her juvenility of dress, when I saw her at home. I came to perceive that Captain Brown's dark Brutus wig and padded coat (alas! too often threadbare) were remnants of the military smartness of his youth, which he now wore unconsciously. He was a man of infinite resources, gained in his barrack experience. As he confessed, no one could black his boots to please him, except himself; but, indeed, he was not above saving the little maid-servant's labours in every way, feeling, probably, that his daughter's illness made the place a hard one.

He endeavoured to make peace with Miss Jenkyns soon after the memorable dispute I have named, by a present of a wooden fire-shovel (his own making), having heard her say how much the grating of an iron one annoyed her. She received the present with cool gratitude, and thanked him formally. When he was gone, she bade me put it away in the lumber room; feeling, probably, that no present from a man who preferred Mr. Hood to Dr. Johnson could be less jarring than an iron fire-shovel.

Such was the state of things when I left Cranford and went to Drumble. I had, however, several correspondents who kept me *au fait* to the proceedings of the dear little town. There was Miss Pole, who was becoming as much absorbed in crochet as she had been once in knitting; and the burden of whose letter was something like, "But don't you forget the white worsted at Flint's," of the old song; for, at the end of every sentence of news, came a fresh direction as to some crochet commission which I was to execute for her. Miss Matilda Jenkyns (who did not mind being called Miss Matey, when Miss Jenkyns was not by) wrote nice, kind, rambling letters; now and then venturing into an opinion of her own; but suddenly pulling herself up, and either begging me not to name what she had said, as Deborah thought differently, and *she* knew; or else, putting in a postcript to the effect that, since writing the above, she had been talking over the subject with Deborah; and was quite convinced that, &c.; (here, probably, followed a recantation of every opinion she had given in the letter). Then came Miss Jenkyns—Deborah, as she liked Miss Matey to call her; her father having once said that the Hebrew name ought to be so pronounced. I secretly think she took the Hebrew prophetess for a model in character; and, indeed, she was not unlike the stern prophetess in some ways; making allowance of course for modern customs and difference in dress. Miss Jenkyns wore a cravat, and a little bonnet like a jockey-cap, and altogether had the appearance of a strong-minded woman; therefore she would have despised the modern idea of women being equal to men. Equal indeed! she knew they were superior. But to return to her letters. Everything in them was stately and grand, like herself. I have been looking them over (dear Miss Jenkyns, how I loved her!) and I will give an extract, more especially because it relates to our friend Captain Brown:

"The Honourable Mrs. Jamieson has only just quitted me; and, in the course of conversation, she communicated to me the intelligence, that she had yesterday received a call from her revered husband's quondam friend, Lord Mauleverer. You will not easily conjecture what brought his lordship within the precincts of our little town. It was to see Captain Brown, with whom, it appears, his lordship was acquainted in the 'plumed wars,' and who had the privilege of averting destruction from his lordship's head, when some great peril was impending over it, off the misnomered Cape of Good Hope. You know our friend the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson's deficiency in the spirit of innocent curiosty; and you will, therefore, not be so much surprised when I tell you she was quite unable to disclose to me the exact nature of the peril in question. I was anxious, I confess, to ascertain in what manner Captain Brown, with his limited establishment, could receive so distinguished a guest; and I discovered that his lordship retired to rest; and, let us hope, to refreshing slumbers, at the Angel Hotel; but shared the Brunonian meals during the two days that he honoured Cranford with his august presence. Mrs. Johnson, our civil butcher's wife, informs me that Miss Jessie purchased a leg of lamb; but, besides this, I can hear of no preparation whatever to give a suitable reception to so distinguished a visitor. Perhaps they entertained him with 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul;' and to us, who are acquainted with Captain Brown's sad want of relish for 'the pure wells of English undefiled,' it may be matter for congratulation, that he has had the opportunity of improving his taste by holding converse with an elegant and refined member of the British aristocracy. But from some mundane feelings who is free?"

—[TO BE CONTINUED.]—*Dickens' Household Words.*

LANGUAGE OF FRIENDS.

As Friends are distinguishable from their fellow-citizens by their dress, as was amply shown in a former [Number], so they are not less distinguishable from them by the peculiarities of their language.

George Fox seemed to look at every custom with the eye of a reformer. The language of the country, as used in his own time, struck him as having many censurable defects. Several of the expressions then in use appeared to him to contain gross flattery, others to be idolatrous, others to be false representatives of the ideas they were intended to convey. Now, he considered that Christianity required truth; and he believed therefore that he and his followers, who professed to be Christians in word and deed, and to follow the Christian pattern in all things, as far as it could be found, were called upon to depart from all the censurable modes of speech, as much as they were from any of the customs of the world, which Christianity had deemed objectionable. And so weightily did these improprieties in his own language lie upon his mind, that he conceived himself to have had an especial commission to correct them.

The first alteration, which he adopted, was in the use of the pronoun Thou. The pronoun You, which grammarians had fixed to be of the plural number, was then occasionally used, but less than it is now, in addressing an individual. George Fox, therefore, adopted Thou in its place on this occasion, leaving the word You to be used only where two or more individuals were addressed.

George Fox, however, was not the first of the religious writers who had noticed the improper use of the pronoun You. Erasmus employed a treatise in showing the propriety of Thou, when addressed to a single person; and in ridiculing the use of You, on the same occasion. Martin Luther also took great pains to expunge the word You from the station which it occupied, and to put Thou in it place. In his *Ludus* he ridicules the use of the former by the following inverted sentence: "Magister, Vos estis iratus?" This is as absurd as if he had said in English, "Gentlemen, art Thou angry?"

But though George Fox was not the first to recommend the substitution of Thou for You, he was the first to reduce this amended use of it to practice. This he did in his own person wherever he went, and in all the works which he published. All his followers did the same. And from his time to the present, the pronoun Thou has come down so prominent in the speech of the Society, that its members are generally known by it at the present day.

The reader would hardly believe, if historical facts did not prove it, how much noise the introduction, or rather the amended use, of this little particle, as reduced to practice by George Fox, made in the world; and how much ill usage it occasioned the early Friends. Many magisirates, before whom they were carried in the early times of their institution, occasioned their sufferiags to be greater merely on this account. They were often abused and beaten by others, and sometimes put in danger of their lives. It was a common question put to a Friend in those days, who addressed a great man in this new and simple manner, "Why, you ill-bred clown, do you Thou me?" The rich and mighty of these times thought themselves degraded by this mode of address, as reducing them from a plural magnitude to a singular, or individual, or simple, station in life. "The use of Thou," says George Fox, "was a sore cut to proud flesh, and those who sought self-honour."

George Fox, finding that both he and his followers were thus subject to much persecution on this account, thought it right the world should know that, in using this little particle, which had given so much offence, the Society was only doing what every grammarian ought to do, if he followed his own rules. Accordingly, a work was written to show, that in all languages Thou was the proper and usual form of speech to a single person, and You to more than one. This was exemplified by instances, taken out of the Scriptures, and out of books of teaching in about thirty languages. Two members, of the names of John Stubbs and Benjamin Furly, took great pains in compiling it: and some additions were made to it by George Fox himself, who was then a prisoner in Lancaster castle.

This work, as soon as it was published, was presented to King Charles the Second, and to his council. Copies of it were also sent to the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, and to each of the Universities. The king delivered his sentiments upon it so far as to say, that Thou was undoubtedly the proper language of all nations. The archbishop of Canterbury, when he was asked what he thought of it, is described to have been so much at a stand that he could not tell what to say. The book was afterwards bought by many.

It is said to have spread conviction wherever it went. Hence it had the effect of lessening the prejudices of some; so that Friends were never afterwards treated, on this account, in the same rugged manner as they were before.

But though this book procured the members of the Society an amelioration of treatment on the amended use of the expression Thou, there were individuals in it who thought they ought to put their defence on a better foundation, by stating all the reasons (for there were many besides those in this book) which had induced them to differ from their fellow-citizens on this subject. This was done both by Robert Barclay and William Penn, in works which defended other principles of the Body, and other peculiarities in their language.

One of the arguments, on which the use of the pronoun Thou was defended, was the same as that on which it had been defended by Stubbs and Furly—that is, its strict conformity with grammar. The translators of the Bible had invariably used it. The Liturgy had been compiled on the same principle. All addresses made by English Christians in their private prayers to the Supreme Being were made in the language of Thou, and not of You. And this was done, because the rules of the English grammar warranted the expression, and because any other mode of expression would have been a violation of those rules.

But the great argument, to omit all others, which Penn and Barclay insisted upon for the change of You, was that the pronoun Thou, in addressing an individual, had been anciently in use, but that it had been deserted for You, for no other purpose than that of flattery to men; and that this dereliction of it was growing greater and greater, upon the same principle, in their own times. Hence, as Christians who were not to puff up the fleshy creature, it became them to return to the ancient and grammatical use of the pronoun Thou, and to reject this growing fashion of the world. "The word You," says William Penn, "was first ascribed, in way of flattery, to proud popes and emperors, imitating the heathens' vain homage to their gods, thereby ascribing a plural honour to a single person; as if one pope had been made up of many gods, and one emperor of many men; for which reason You, only to be addressed to many, became first spoken to one. It seemed the word Thou looked like too lean and thin a respect: and therefore some, bigger than they should be, would have a style suitable to their own ambition."

It will be difficult for those, who now use the word You constantly to a single person, and who in such use of it never attach any idea of flattery to it, to conceive how it ever could have had the origin ascribed to it; or, what is more extraordinary, how men could believe themselves to be exalted, when others applied to them the word You instead of Thou. But history affords abundant evidence of the fact.

It is well known that Caligula ordered himself to be worshipped as a god. Domitian, after him, gave similar orders with respect to himself. In process of time the very statues of the emperors began to be worshipped. One blasphemous innovation prepared the way for another. The title of Pontifex Maximus gave way at length for those of Eternity, Divinity, and the like. Coeval with these appellations was the change of the word Thou for You, and upon the same principles. These changes, however, were not so disagreeable, as they might be expected to be to the proud Romans; for while they gratified the pride of their emperors, they made their despotism in their own conceit more tolerable to themselves. That one man should be lord over many thousand Romans, who were the masters of the world, was in itself a degrading thought. But they consoled themselves by the haughty consideration, that they were yielding obedience not to a man, but to an incarnate dæmon, or good genius, or special envoy from Heaven. They considered, also, the emperor as an office, and as an office including and representing many other offices; and hence, considering him as a man in the plural number, they had less objection to address him in a plural manner.

In behalf of their assertions on this subject, Friends quote the opinions of several learned men and of those in particular, who, from the nature of their respective writings, had occasion to look into the origin and construction of the words and forms of language.

Howell, in his Epistle to the Nobility of England, placed before his French and English Dictionary, takes notice that both in France and in other nations the word Thou was used in speaking to one; but, by succession of time, when the Roman commonwealth grew into an empire, the courtiers began to magnify the emperor, as being furnished with power to confer dignities and offices, using the word You: yea, and deifying him with more remarkable titles; concerning which matters we read in the Epistles of Symmachus to the emperors Theodosius and Valentinian, where he useth these forms of speaking: "Vestra Eternitas, Vestrum Numen, Vestra Serenitas, Vestras Clementia;" that is, Your, and not Thy, Eternity, Godhead, Serenity, Clemency. So that the word You in the plural number, together with the other titles and compellations of honour, seem to have had their rise from despotic government, which afterwards, by degrees, came to be applied to private persons. He says, also, in his History of France, that in ancient times the peasants addressed their kings by the appellation of Thou; but that pride and flattery first put inferiors upon paying a plural respect to the single person of every superior, and superiors upon receiving it.

John Maresius, of the French Academy, in the Preface to his Clovis, speaks much to the same effect: "Let none wonder," says he, "that the word Thou is used in this work to princes, and princesses, for we use the same to God. And of old the same was used to Alexanders, Cæsars, queens and empresses. The use of the word You, when only one person is spoken to, was only introduced by these base flatteries of men of later ages, to whom it seemed good to use the plural number to one person, that he may imagine himself alone to be equal to many others in dignity and worth; from whence it came at last to persons of lower quality."

Godeau, in his Preface to the Translation of the New Testament, makes an apology for differing from the customs of the times in the use of Thou, and intimates that You was substituted for it, as a word of superior respect. "I had rather," says he, "faithfully keep to the express words of Paul than exactly follow the polished style of our tongue. Therefore I always use that form of calling God in the singular number, not in the plural, and therefore I say rather Thou than You. I confess, indeed, that the civility and custom of this world require him to be honoured after that manner. But it is likewise, on the contrary, true, that the original tongue of the New Testament hath nothing common with such manners and civility; so that not one of these many old versions we have doth observe it. Let not men believe that we give not respect enough to God, in that we call him by the word Thou: which is nevertheless far otherwise. For I seem to myself (may be by the effect of custom) more to honour his Divine Majesty in calling him after this manner, than if I should call him after the manner of men, who are so delicate in their forms of speech."

Erasmus, also, in the Treatise which he wrote on the Impropriety of substituting You for Thou, when a person addresses an individual, states that this strange substitution originated wholly in the flattery of men.

Another alteration, that took place in the language of the Society, was the expunging of all expressions from the vocabulary which were either superfluous or of the same flattering tendency as the former.

In addressing one another, either personally or by letter, they made use of the word Friend, to signify the bond of their own union, and the character which man, under the Christian dispensation, was bound to exhibit in his dealings with his fellow-man. They addressed each other, also, and spoke of each other, by their real names. If a man's name was John, they called him John; they talked to him as John; and added only his surname to distinguish him from others.

In their intercourse with the world, they adopted the same mode of speech: for they addressed individuals either by their plain names, or they made use of the appellation of Friends or Neighbours.

They rejected the words of Sir or Madam, as then in use. This they did because they considered them, like the word You, as remnants of ancient flattery, derived from the papal and anti-christian ages; and because these words still continued to be considered as titles of flattery, that puffed up people in their own times. Howell, who was before quoted on the pronoun Thou, is usually quoted by Friends on this occasion also. He states in his History, that "Sir and Madam were originally names given to none but the king, his brother, and their wives, both in France and England. Yet now the ploughman in France is called Sir, and his wife Madam; and men of ordinary trades in England, Sir, and their wives Dame; which is the legal title of a lady, and is the same as Madam in French. So prevalent have pride and flattery been in all ages, the one to give and the other to receive respect!"

Friends banished also the word Master, or Mister, as it is now pronounced, from their language, either when they spoke concerning any one, or addressed any one by letter. To have used the word Master to a person, who was no master over them, would have been to have indicated a needless servility, and to have given a false picture of their own situation, as well as of those addressed.

Upon the same or similar principles they hesitated to subscribe themselves as the humble or obedient Servants of any one, as is now usual, at the bottom of their letters. "Horrid apostacy!" says Barclay; "for it is notorious that the use of these compliments implies not any design of service." This expression in particular they reprobated for another reason; it was one of those, which had followed the last deluge of impious services and expressions, which had poured in after the statutes of the emperors had been worshipped, after the titles of Eternity and Divinity had been ushered in, and after Thou had been exchanged for You; and it had taken a certain station, and flourished among these. Good Christians, however, had endeavoured to keep themselves clear of such inconsistencies. Casaubon has preserved a letter of Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in which he rebukes Sulpicius Severus for having subscribed himself "his humble Servant." Paulinus flourished in the year 460. He is reported by Paulus Diaconus to have been an exemplary Christian. Among other acts, he is stated to have expended all his revenues in the redemption of Christian captives; and at last, when he had nothing left in his purse, to have pawned his own person in favour of a widow's son. The Barbarians, says the same author, struck with this act of unparalleled devotion to the cause of the unfortunate, released him, and many prisoners with him, without ransom. A part of the letter of Paulinus runs thus: "Take heed hereafter, how thou, being from a servant called unto liberty, dost subscribe thyself Servant to one who is thy brother and fellow-servant: for it is a sinful flattery, not a testament of humility, to pay those honours to a man and to a sinner, which are due to the one Lord, one Master, and one God."—*British Friend.*

A VISIT TO WILLIAM COBBETT.

He had at that time a large house at Botley, with a lawn and gardens sweeping down to the Burlesdon river, which divided his (Mr. Cobbett's) territories from the beautiful grounds of the old friend where he had been originally staying, the great squire of the place. His own house—large, high, massive, red, and square, and perched on a considerable eminence—always struck me as being not unlike its proprietor. It was filled at that time to almost overflowing. Lord Cochrane was there; then in the very height of his warlike fame, and as unlike the common notion of a warrior as could be. A gentle, quiet, mild young man, was this burner of French fleets and cutter-out of Spanish vessels, as one should see in a summer day. He lay about under the trees reading "Selden on the Dominion of the Seas," and letting the children (and children always know with whom they may take liberties) play all sorts of tricks with him at their pleasure. His ship's surgeon was also a visitor, and a young midshipman, and sometimes an elderly lieutenant, and a Newfoundland dog; fine sailor-like creatures all. Then there was a very learned clergyman, a great friend of Mr. Gifford, of the "*Quarterly*" with his wife and daughter; exceedingly clever persons. Two literary gentlemen from London and ourselves completed the actual party; but there was a large fluctuating series of guests for the hour, or guests for the day, of almost all ranks and descriptions, from the earl and his countess, to the farmer and his dame. The house had room for all, and the hearts of the owners would have had room for three times the number. I never saw hospitality more genuine, more simple, or more thoroughly successful in the great end of hospitality—the putting everybody completely at ease. There was not the slightest attempt at finery, or display, or gentility. They called it a farm-house, and everything was in accordance with the largest idea of a great English yeoman of the old time. Everything was excellent—everything abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity that of the large circle of guests not one could find himself in the way. I need not say a word more in praise of the good wife, very lately dead, to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet motherly woman, realizing our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, Ailie Dinmont, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and her children. At this time William Cobbett was at the height of his political reputation; but of politics we heard little, and should, I think, have heard nothing, but for an occasional red-hot patriot, who would introduce the subject, which our host would fain put aside, and got rid of as soon as possible. There was something of Dandie Dinmont about him, with his unfailing good humour and good spirits, his heartiness, his love of field-sports, and his liking for a foray. He was a tall stout man, fair and sunburnt, with a bright smile, and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habit of wearing an eternal red waistcoat contributed not a little. He was, I